THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCIII.—No. 1206]
JANUARY 26, 1927
[Registered as a Newspaper.

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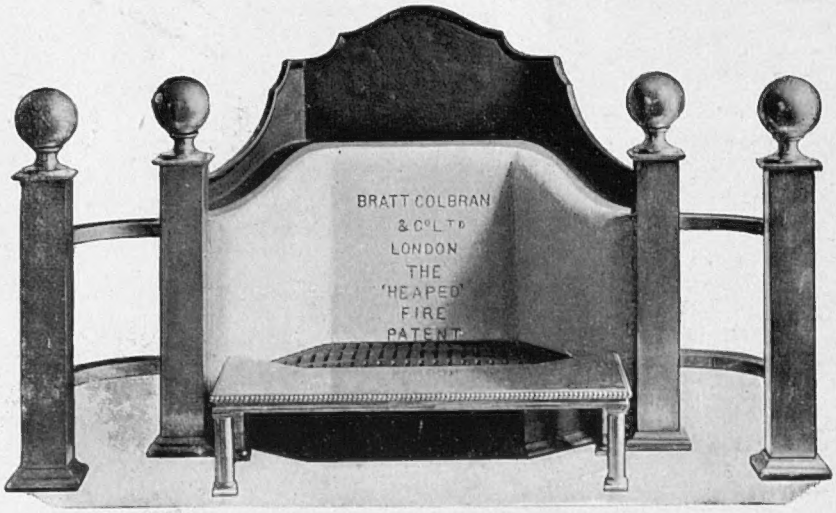

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The Bystander, January 26, 1927 No. 1206. Vol. XCIII

The BYSTANDER

BY BARRIBAL

THE GIRL IN THE BONNET

"Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within."

NORA PERRY

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C.F.H. 443

A Vicious System

At a moment when the majority of our readers are living in the hotels of Switzerland or of the Riviera this question of tipping assumes a topical interest. It is usual to blame railway porters, hotel servants, and other recipients for this vicious system, but they are the last persons to be considered responsible.

The First Tip

What started tipping? Do you suppose it was a form of tax imposed on clients by the staff of a railway or of a hotel? Most certainly not. The first waiter was tipped by a rich, greedy man who wanted to steal a march on his fellow guests. He called the waiter to him, and, while pretending to tie a bootlace, he slipped half a crown in his hand in return for a second go at the caviare. Naturally, the poor waiter was terribly upset, but, being human, he fell, and pocketed the tainted money.

A Form of Bribery

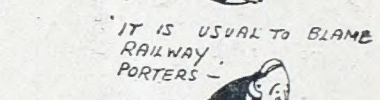
The first porter received his first tip under rather similar circumstances. It was Saturday afternoon at Victoria, and the "Southern Belle" of that day was about to start. Up rushed one of those people who always rush up at the last minute, and bribed the porter to handle his luggage before that of other passengers who had been patiently waiting for the last twenty minutes. In self-defence the other passengers had to do the same, and now you can't get a porter to open a carriage door unless he is paid twice for embarking upon this fatiguing adventure. But you can't blame the porter. Blame, rather, that early visitor to Brighton who first introduced this unpleasant form of bribery; for bribery it certainly is.

A Pretty Idea

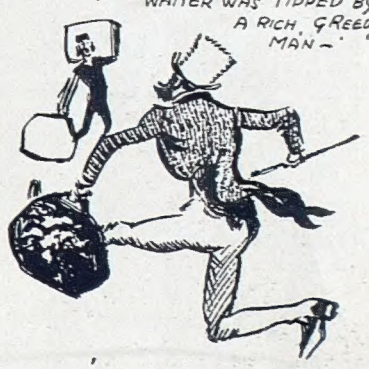
Having cleared the reputations of waiters and porters, I wish I could do the same for hairdressers and taxi-drivers, but in their cases I am afraid tipping is blackmail, pure and simple. The man who has you trussed up in a barber's chair knows that he has you at his mercy, and the knowledge has proved too much for him. He can either shave your head, cut off half your moustache, or take a piece out of your ear, and we are probably wise to propitiate him. But here is the snag. The tip comes at the end of the operation, and a barber cannot rush at you with a razor when he finds that you have forgotten to supplement his earnings with a voluntary contribution. Accordingly, he lies in wait for the next customer, who has to go through it—and give him a tip into the bargain. I have a theory that Sweeny Todd, the demon barber of Fleet Street, only cut the throats of those who forgot to tip him. It is a pretty idea!

Piquant Situations

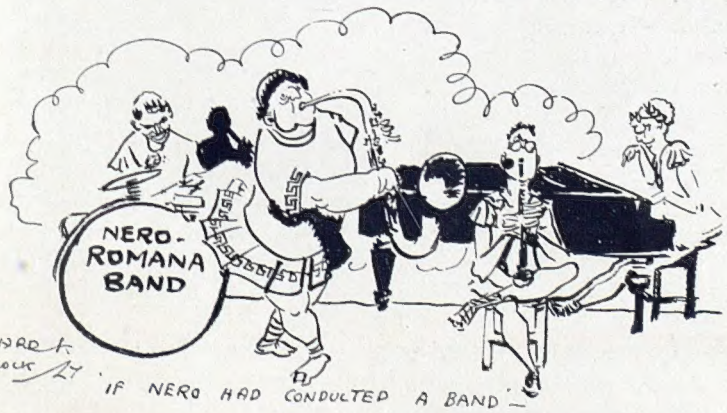
A famous lawn tennis star is said to have told the world that one of her rivals is getting fat and that her play will suffer. Well! well!! Suppose this example was widely followed. We might have Miss José Collins adversely criticising the singing of her successor at the Gaiety, or Mr. Edgar Wallace might tell Mr. Gilbert Frankau exactly what he thought of him as a best-seller. Piquant situations would rise in each


"IT IS USUAL TO BLAME RAILWAY PORTERS—"

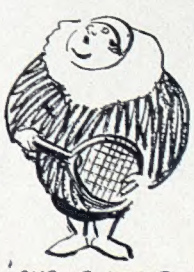
"THE FIRST WAITER WAS TIPPED BY A RICH, GREEDY MAN—"


"UP RUSHED ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE—"

"THE MAN WHO HAS YOU TRUSSED UP IN A BARBER'S CHAIR—"



"IF NERO HAD CONDUCTED A BAND—"


"ONE OF HER RIVALS IS GETTING FAT AND HER PLAY WILL SUFFER—"

By David Wilson

STANLEY—THE MODERN "SISYPHUS"

instance, and I hope that this particular star, who has done much useful pioneering work in the world of sport, will not be emulated in this particular instance.

Nero the Hero

I have always felt that Nero was a very misunderstood man. He has been blamed for fiddling while Rome was burning, whereas the modern musician who exhibited similar *sang froid* under equally difficult conditions would probably get a medal and something out of the poor-box. The other Saturday afternoon a gallant team of heroes fell before the onslaughts of eleven equally splendid fellows. Were the audience silent in face of the tragedy? Not a bit of it. They sang lustily, and my morning paper aided and abetted them in their callous behaviour. I suppose that if Nero had conducted a band instead of playing a violin solo he would be looked upon as one of the world's heroes.

Truth Lies —

I am reminded that *Truth* has just scored its half-century. During its career it has fought many libel actions, but I always wondered why one more was not added to its lengthy list. Years ago—not fifty, but not far short—in a certain pantomime, a certain demon king popped in a couplet on his own account which might have landed him in some trouble. It was during a hectic period in the career of Joseph Chamberlain, and these were the words that made some of us sit up:—

> Truth lies at the bottom of a deep well, but
> most of all,
> *Truth* lies in hopes of giving Master Joe a fall.

A Great Painter

It was never said more truly of anyone than of Ambrose McEvoy that those whom the gods love die young. A man of great charm and, one had almost said, great personal beauty, he won his way to the top of his profession by brilliant craftsmanship and without adventitious aids of any sort. He never forced himself upon his public, and, indeed, his public knew very little about him apart from his work. There are famous artists who court publicity on every occasion, and there are others who shun it in an equally obvious manner, but Ambrose McEvoy belonged to neither school. He just went on being himself—and himself was a very nice person to know.

His Brother

His surviving brother, Charles McEvoy the author, showed greater promise in his early days, but one has not heard as much of him lately as one could wish. He made a brilliant start with *David Ballard*; nearly established himself with a Haymarket play; flirted with the films; dabbled in journalism, and scored a considerable "come-back" with *The Likes of 'Er*. Since then he has been lying low in the West of England, apart from a visit to the West End to see his *Three Barrows*, an early play, produced by a Sunday society. This is by way of being a successful record, but it leaves something to be desired—by the modern playgoer.

Out of Date

The Rotherhithe "treasure-trove" inquest recalls the suggestion that some of our time-honoured *clichés* should be overhauled or scrapped. It would be very unwise, in face of this Inquiry, to act on the assumption that "Finding's Keeping." If W. S. Gilbert were alive to-day he would probably change the words—if not the tune—of the song in which he alleged that every boy or girl who is born into this world alive "is either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative." And during recent years pigs have flown and all sorts of strange things have happened.

The Blues

In the Savoy Grill on Wednesday evening I saw Lily Elsie, as we may again call her, dining with her manager and discussing the prospects of *The Blue Train*, the musical comedy in which she will return to the stage in a few weeks from now. We are, by the way, in for a regular attack of the Blues, for, in addition to the one mentioned, there is *The Blue Majurka* due at Daly's, and *The Blue Comet*, which will succeed *The Farmer's Wife* at the Court. To say that the incomparable Merry Widow was looking as lovely as ever is no idle compliment. A friend who was dining at my table proved this beyond a doubt by exclaiming: "Look at that girl! She's the very image of what Lily Elsie used to be!" On the same evening I found William Gaunt, who owns several theatres, receiving congratulations on the success of *Broadway*, which has made a notable hit and will be moving to the Adelphi, where it is expected to break all records.

In "Sussex-by-the-sea"

Miss Compton Collier

A photograph of Lady Jones in the garden of North End House, Rottingdean, with her children, Laurian, Timothy, and Richard. Lady Jones, whose husband, Sir Roderick Jones, is chairman of Reuter's, is the author of "The Happy Foreigner" and "A Diary Without Dates"

ROYALTY IN THE HUNTING FIELD *L.N.A.*

The Prince of Wales and Prince George chatting with Lord Westmorland at a meet of the Cottesmore at Burrough. This was the first time for three years that Prince George had ridden to hounds in Leicestershire country

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Courts

As a rule, when application is made to the Lord Chamberlain to attend a Court or make a presentation, nothing is heard by the applicant until about three weeks before the date of the Court to which she is summoned. This year, however, many people have already received an intimation that the lists for the Courts are full and that their names have been put on a supplementary list.

This, I suppose, means that those on the supplementary list will only be summoned if people on the full list fall out.

The applications this year, I understand, have been far in excess of any other year. The number of ladies passing the Presence is limited to 1,000 for each Court. That means 4,000. So when applicants are told in the second week of January that the lists are already full, you can imagine the sacks of letters delivered at the Lord Chamberlain's Office in St. James's on the morning of New Year's Day—the only time at which application can be made.

Husbands do not pass the Presence at Courts, but they may accompany their wives. Speaking broadly, I should think there must be four to five hundred husbands at each Court. So if you add these to the thousand ladies and multiply by four, it means between five and six thousand people, not counting the Diplomatic Corps, who are entertained by the King and Queen at the four Courts. Obviously, it would be impossible to add to that number.

The Prince's New Farm

I HEAR that great satisfaction has been given in the Midlands by the Prince of Wales's purchase of Grove Farm, a dairy farm on the River Trent quite close to Nottingham.

Grove Farm has about a hundred and twenty acres, and has the reputation of being one of the most successful dairy-farms in Nottinghamshire. Whether the Prince will bring any of his dairy cattle from his Dartmoor farms to Nottinghamshire is a matter which, I am told, has not yet been decided.

The Exhibition of Flemish Pictures

IF it pleases you to raise the curtain which lies between ourselves and the past then you should hie yourself without delay to Burlington House. And if you love pictures and the old art in painting, then you should hie thither all the quicker.

There is so much beauty in the officially termed "Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art" that I foresee your Bystander and heaps of other people going to Burlington House over and over again, just to see particular favourites.

The treasures hung upon the walls of Burlington House have a deeper significance than the genius of painters. We owe this exhibition to the Anglo-Belgian Union, and Belgium, from its King downwards, including its public galleries and private citizens, has sent its most priceless pictures. France has done the same.

The galleries are admirably arranged. You begin with painters of the fourteenth century, gradually passing on to the seventeenth century with its superb portraits by Rubens and Van Dyck. Most of the Van Dyck portraits come from English collections. The King has lent the picture, so well known through prints, of the three eldest children of Charles I, Lord Northbrook has lent the portraits of Queen Henrietta Maria and of the Earl of Newport.

BEFORE THE MATCH *Central Press*

Prince Arthur of Connaught shaking hands with members of the South African Ladies' Hockey team at present in this country. The photograph was taken at Merton Abbey, where they played the Southern Counties

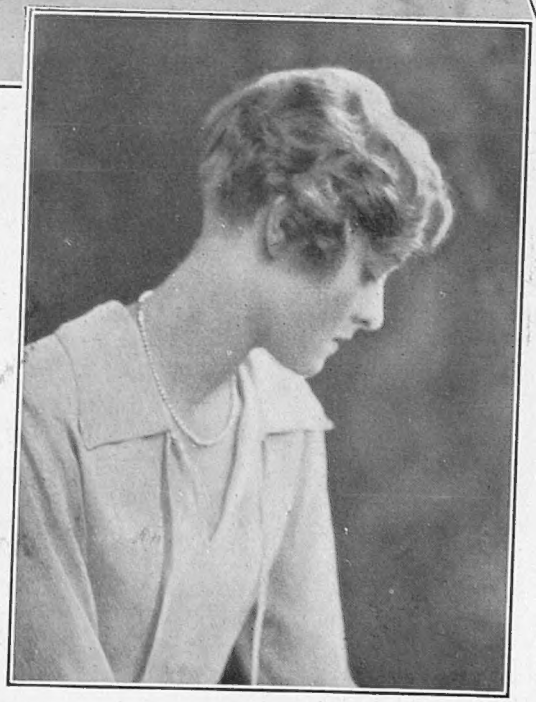
Dorothy Wilding

AN ENGAGEMENT OF THE YEAR

A new portrait of Miss Mary Ashley, younger daughter of Colonel the Rt. Hon. Wilfrid Ashley, M.P., and the sister of Lady Louis Mountbatten, whose engagement to Captain A. S. Cunningham Reid, D.F.C., M.P., has caused a great deal of interest. Captain Cunningham Reid, who sits for Warrington, was at one time Parliamentary private secretary to Colonel Ashley

Lord Spencer, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lord Linlithgow and Lord Radnor are also lenders of Van Dyck portraits.

The money value of these pictures, so generously lent by public galleries in Belgium and France and by private individuals in Belgium, America, and England, must be something prodigious. But I doubt if all these gorgeous pictures are worth more than the Flemish tapestries lent by the Austrian Government. They are so valuable that I am told they form part of the guarantee for a loan of five million pounds made to Austria by this country. Guarantee or not, they are incomparably beautiful. There is nothing more exquisite than the baldacchino and canopy for a throne—perfectly lighted at Burlington House—in the way of tapestry, at the Vatican, at Fontainebleau, or the Garde Meuble in Paris.



Lafayette

TO MARRY IN INDIA

A recent portrait of Miss Lorna Ashton James, daughter of the late Captain W. W. James, 20th Hussars, who is to be married to Mr. Rupert Francis James Brooke at Calcutta Cathedral on February 1

A Withdrawal

MISS ROMA LISTER'S statement in her book, "Further Reminiscences, Occult and Social," that one of Lord Kitchener's private secretaries during the War was a German, roused so much resentment that the publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson, very properly withdrew it four days after publication, apologising publicly for any annoyance to which any of Lord Kitchener's private secretaries still living had been put. The statement, the publishers further explained, had been added by the author after the book had been submitted and accepted.

I don't know whether Miss Roma Lister was in Rome during the War, but she has lived there for many years. During the War I don't suppose there was any place in Europe where such amazing stories ran from mouth to mouth as in the Eternal City. Before Italy came in a great many of these

Hay Wrightson

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

Miss Grace Wise, whose engagement to Mr. Edmund Brocklebank, M.P. for East Nottingham, has been recently announced. She is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Arthur John Wise, of Lafferton, Yorkshire, and Mrs. Wise, of Cleveland Square, Hyde Park

stories were part of the German propaganda so assiduously worked by Prince and Princess von Bülow from the Villa Malta. Lord Kitchener having a German secretary, and keeping him on because he was indispensable, has a strong family resemblance to other astonishing stories told in Rome, of war-doings and war-happenings, whilst Italy was still neutral. I cannot help thinking, therefore, that Miss Lister heard this absurdity in Rome.

It is a pity she repeated it, because if her second volume of reminiscences was as good as her first we have lost an interesting book by its withdrawal. The publishers, obviously, had no other course open to them.

'CHASING IN CHINA *Sport and General*

A group of riders and officials taken at a recent Steeplechase Meeting of the Fanling Hunt at Hong Kong. The Fanling Hunt was started in 1924, and the Joint-Masters are Mr. H. Birkett (standing second from left) and Dr. Pierce Grove. Mrs. R. J. Paterson (standing ninth from left) is a leading lady owner in Hong Kong flat racing

Alfieri

A SCHOOL DANCE COMMITTEE

A photograph of the Committee of the annual dance of Beaumont College, Windsor, taken at the Princes Galleries, where the dance recently took place. Messrs. G. B. Howard (left), J. F. S. Noble, J. A. Arnold, E. Cussen; (front row) Mr. H. C. Dickens (left), Miss Valerie Russell, Mrs. Churchill, Mr. J. P. Munster, Mr. Sonnie Hale, and Mr. C. R. Burgess

A Highland Ball in London

THE COUNTESS OF BREADALBANE is the president of a committee which is arranging a Highland Ball in aid of the Highland Association (An Comunn Gaidhealach), to be given at the Hyde Park Hotel on Wednesday, February 23. The list of patrons and patronesses, headed by the Duke and Duchess of York and Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, includes practically all the Scottish Dukes and Duchesses, together with a long array of well-known Scottish names. From all that I hear, it will be a Caledonian Ball on a smaller scale, with pipers of the Scots Guards in attendance, the kilt being *de rigueur* for those who have the right to wear it. The tickets are £2 2*s*. each (six for £10 10*s*.), including a champagne supper, and may be obtained from the Countess of Dunmore, 62, Rutland Gate; Lady Margaret Campbell, Elderfield, Otterbourne, Winchester; and any member of the committee, the cheques being made payable to Major Norman McLeod, the honorary treasurer. It will be a great and picturesque Scottish evening, for which all of you should take tickets, whether Scots or not.

An Unusual Circumstance

THE president of the Highland Ball Committee, the Countess of Breadalbane, must not be confused with the Marchioness of Breadalbane. It is most unusual for two ladies to bear the same title in the peerage, that title representing different ranks, and yet coming from the same peer.

Topical

A VISIT FROM THE PACK

Members of the house party entertained by the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Devereux photographed with the pack and the hunt officials at a recent meet of the North Herefordshire at Hampton Court, near Leominster. The group includes: The Hon. Robert Devereux, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Devereux, Sir Anselm and Lady Guise, Comdr. Marx, Capt. and Mrs. Mayer, Miss Blanche Devereux, Miss Welby, Mr. Snead-Cox, and Mr. C. N. de Courcy-Parry, Master of the North Herefordshire

Farrington Photo Co.

MAKING A SPLASH

A photograph of a watery landing in the Newchapel Steeplechase at Lingfield. Templebar, the winner, is seen in the centre, Climber, who was second, on the right, and Tara King, who finished third, in front

The explanation is that the Marchioness of Breadalbane is the widow of the late Marquess, who was Earl of Breadalbane in the Scottish peerage when he received an English marquisate. At his death five years ago the marquisate became extinct, and the Scottish earldom went to his nephew, who only lived a little time after his succession. The earldom then went to a kinsman, the present Earl of Breadalbane, in right of his descent from a younger son of the family in the middle of the seventeenth century.

The Marchioness of Breadalbane, a sister of the late Duke of Montrose, used to be one of the great political hostesses, on the Liberal side, at Harcourt House, in Cavendish Square, but since her husband's death she has lived principally at Ardmaddy Castle, near Oban, which he left her.

Miss Mary Ashley Engaged

It is surprising what a lot of young women whose fathers are Governors or politicians marry the parental aide-de-camp or the parental private secretary. Miss Mary Ashley, Lady Louis Mountbatten's younger sister, joins the number by her engagement to Captain Cunningham Reid, the member for Warrington, and recently Parliamentary private secretary to her father, Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, the Minister of Transport. Like Lady Louis Mountbatten, Miss Mary Ashley was left a very large fortune by her grandfather, Sir Ernest Cassel, which has been accumulating for the last six years, as by Sir Ernest's will the income was to be added to the capital until she married or reached the age of twenty-one. The latter event does not happen until July.

Captain Reid was a brilliant airman during the War and staff captain to Air-Marshal Sir John Salmond, and is the founder of the Anti-Socialist League of Youth and Liberty. He lost his seat at Warrington to Labour, but won it back two years afterwards. Political folk tell me that Captain Reid is a young man with a big political future.

Sport and General

AT ST. MORITZ

Lord and Lady Plunket photographed on their way from Suvretta House for a morning's ski-ing amid the sunshine and snow at St. Moritz. This popular resort is as full of visitors as ever this winter

Alfieri

A COUNCIL OF FIVE

Spectators at the Lingfield Park Steeplechases who evidently found a bright side to the day's racing. The group includes Miss Le Roy Lewis, Miss Beryl Powney, Mrs. Deacon, Mrs. Whitelaw, and Mrs. Lawrence Dinnè

Motors and Lord Cottenham

The Earl of Cottenham, who was married to Miss Venetia Taylor last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster, is a bridegroom of twenty-three. But he is in the unusual position of being legally of age for marriage yet not legally of age so far as his family inheritance is concerned. He may not enter into the possession of the Cottenham estates until he is twenty-five—and that will be in May of next year.

His mother was the beautiful Lady Rose Nevill, daughter of the late Lord Abergavenny. She died through an unfortunate gun accident when Lord Cottenham and his elder brother were children. The brother died with tragic suddenness just when he had attained his majority, and thus the Earldom came to the present young peer.

Vandyk

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mr. John Henry Bevan, the youngest son of Mr. D. A. Bevan and the Hon. Dame Maud Bevan, photographed after his marriage, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with Lady Barbara Bingham. She is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Lucan. The reception was held at 35, Chesham Place

Keystone

AN M.P.'S WEDDING

Mr. Otho W. Nicholson, M.P., and his bride, formerly Miss Elizabeth Bramwell, after their wedding, which took place recently at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Notwithstanding his youth, there is very little—if anything—about motor cars and motor driving that Lord Cottenham does not know. He used to race at Brooklands and at Southport with Major C. H. Harvey, and together they were known as the Alvis racing team. Shortly after he was twenty-one Lord Cottenham bought a 90 miles an hour car which had belonged to Count Zborowsky, the famous record breaker, who was killed whilst racing on the track at Milan. But Lord Cottenham has other interests besides motoring. He is secretary of the Roads and Road Transport Committee in the House of Lords, and for some time previous to his wedding came up to London every day from his house near Banbury to work at the Conservative Office, in order to study the political aspects of this very important matter.

Vandyk

MARRIED IN JANUARY

The bridal group taken after the wedding of the Hon. Bertram French, youngest brother of Lord de Freyne, and Miss Maud Dease, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Dease of Levington Park, Mullingar, Co. Westmeath. The bridesmaids were Miss P. Fitzherbert Brockholes, Miss Marion Dease, and Miss Agnes King, and the best man was the Hon. Hubert French

Reminiscences to Come

MR. ERNEST THESIGER, clever actor, wit, artist, and embroiderer, is the latest recruit to the ranks of the memoir-writers. His reminiscences have begun to appear in *feuilleton* form in an evening paper. When they have ended their course there I suppose we shall have them in volume form. All the world knows that Mr. Thesiger has a pretty wit. But have our modern memoirists too observant an eye—or a pen not sufficiently reticent—as to physical matters? For instance, Mr. Thesiger, writing of Mr. Percy Grainger, the Australian composer, says, "Percy, with his breezy charm and his corn-gold hair which his mother never allowed time to darken." And of Dame Nellie Melba Mr. Thesiger makes some remarks that are not particularly witty, and which are certainly not filled with "the milk of human kindness."

Shrewd observation can have its rapier-points. You have the lightning flash of the rapier in this remark about Lady Oxford and Asquith: "I sometimes think that at the christening of that brilliant creature her fairy godmother offered her the choice of wit or wisdom, and she chose wrong."

A Scottish Home

HITHERTO the Duke of Westminster, like his grandfather, the first Duke, has had no abode of his own in Scotland. The first Duke rented the Forest of Reay and other shootings from the Duke of Sutherland, and his grandson has done the same. Now the Duke has become a Scottish proprietor by his purchase of Rosehall, an estate in Sutherland of some 7000 acres, with a deer preserve of 2000 acres, fishing, and a comfortable house.

Most Dukes suffer from a multiplicity of big houses, but now that he has disposed of Grosvenor House the Duke of Westminster possesses no house of any size except Eaton Hall, near Chester. His town house, Bourdon House, in Davies Street, Berkeley Square, is of modest proportions, and Mirmizan, his place in the Landes, not far from Bayonne, is little more than a villa.

At Mirmizan the Duke keeps a pack of hounds and many horses. All these were transported recently by special train to a forest some twenty miles from Dieppe in which the Duke has acquired the right of boar-hunting. On the first day after the arrival of the hounds he had most thrilling sport, a huge wild boar being killed after an exciting run.

INTO THE SUNSHINE N.P.A.

A happy photograph of the Duke and Duchess of York on board H.M.S. Renown at Las Palmas. The sunny weather which greeted them came as a pleasant contrast to the stormy weather experienced at the start of the voyage

N.P.A.

IN THE CANARIES

Another photograph taken on board the Renown. The Duke of York is seen receiving the British Consul and his wife at Las Palmas

A Suggestion to the Royal Academy

BY E. T. REED

We trust that no question of mere incongruity, such as between Memling, Mabuse, Van Eyck and the "*Charleston*," for instance, will deter the Royal Academicians from celebrating the present glorious exhibition by a "*Dutch and Flemish Ball*" at Burlington House

AN INTERNATIONAL GROUP *Topical*

Members of nations who took part in the International Lawn Tennis Tournament at the Metropole, at Cannes, where players from twenty-five different countries competed. Those represented above are: Austria, Denmark, Finland, Greece, India, Italy, Mexico, Norway, Russia, Serbia, Spain, Sweden, the United States, Argentine, Canada, England, France, Holland, Ireland, Japan, New Zealand, Poland, Scotland, South Africa, and Switzerland

The Riviera Week by Week

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

THE Riviera has never been a more cosmopolitan resort than it is this season. There are visitors from almost every country under the sun, and of every imaginable shade, foreign Royalties and ex-Royalties by the score, of course, and people of title in hundreds whose nationality is often difficult to guess and might in certain cases be most difficult to prove. One gorgeous Oriental figure who attracted the attention of crowds as he rode around in public places, and who gave the name of the Emir of Kurdestan, has since been arrested as a well-known adventurer on a number of charges. The international character of the tennis tournament at the Metropole at Cannes last week was so striking that on the suggestion of Mr. Wallis Myers it was decided to organise a luncheon party among the competitors, and, although the event was arranged at very short notice, there were no fewer than twenty-three nations represented, and several others would have turned up if possible. No wonder the average hotel *concierge* on the Riviera is a marvellous linguist!

IT would be extremely interesting to know how many nations were in evidence in the enormous crowd which attended Nice Racecourse on the Sunday of the Grand Prix de Nice. With the certainty of a really good struggle across the hurdles for a prize of the value of 540,000 francs, or nearly £4,500, visitors arrived from every town and village within many miles, and a great many came specially for the occasion from Paris and other distant centres. The sunshine for once was missing, and we had a calm, grey day with a touch of winter in the air which brought out one of the most notable displays of fur coats imaginable. Many of them would have defied the best efforts of the most learned zoologists to define, and the colours and textures were in some cases astounding. The big race was a fine one, and the drive home in the early evening, with a nearly full moon shining brilliantly on the still waters of the Mediterranean, was a pleasant prelude to the many gay dinner parties which followed that night, especially in Nice.

EN FAMILLE *Rey*

Sir Alfred and Lady Butt with their son submit to the camera with a good grace. The photograph was taken at the Carlton Club, Cannes

THERE have been big attendances this week at the first local presentation of Rex Ingram's latest film, "Mare Nostrum," with his pretty wife, Alice Terry, and the romantic Antonio Moreno in the leading parts. As the author, Blasco Ibanez, lives near by, and much of the filming was done in or

around Nice, the interest was keen. Another star in the movie firmament, Miss Betty Balfour, has just arrived in Nice, and is staying at the Winter Palace to complete her convalescence after the alarming illness she had while in Paris recently.

THE members of the Nice Golf Club have been enjoying to the full the fine weather, and the course is in the best of condition. The new professional here is Willy Armour, for some seasons at the club at Aix-les-Bains. As soon as the Nice races are over work will begin in real earnest on the preparations for the arrival of King Carnival XLIX, who enters his realm on February 10, and who will this year reign for a week longer than usual. Visitors can scarcely realise the immense amount of work which has to be done before the first great cavalcade, with its giant and grotesque cars, its fantastic figures, and its attendant retinue on horse and afoot, makes its appearance in the streets, or the enormous sums which are spent on this unique spectacle.

E. Navello

A MORNING STROLL

Miss Davis and the Duchesse d'Oporto photographed on their way for a walk on the terrace at Monte Carlo. The Riviera weather is keeping up its reputation for sunshine and smiles

THE next great event in the sporting calendar of the Riviera—apart, of course, from the international tennis tournaments, which are now taking place weekly in one or other of the famous clubs along the coast—will be the races at Cannes, which begin on January 26 and continue until March 6. The local hotels are booking up well with sportsmen for the series of race days, while the ladies are ordering new frocks for the occasion at a rate which must be gratifying to the many leading dressmakers in the town.

THE Earl of Hardwicke is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Masser-Horniman at the Chateau Louis XIII, while Sir Gilbert Parker has joined Lady Boot's house-party at the Villa Springland, and the Earl and Countess of Oxford and Asquith are due there on the 22nd.

ROYALTY ON THE LINKS *L.N.A.*

The Queen of the Belgians photographed in the act of driving off from the first tee at the Valescure Golf Club. Watching her are Mr. John Marshall and Mr. H. V. Cobb

Other recent arrivals in the district include Sir William and Lady Pitcairn Campbell, who are at the Californie Cottage as guests of Mrs. Aldam; Sir Woodman and Lady Burbidge, in their usual quarters at the Carlton; and Sir Courtenay Musgrave, Lord Roundway, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jay Gould, the Marquis and Marquise de Wentworth, Sir Hardman and Lady Lever, Lady Orr-Lewis, and her son Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Norman and their daughter Rosalind have arrived at the Chateau de la Garoupe, on Cap d'Antibes, to spend a few weeks with Lord and Lady Aberconway.

Miss C. N. Daly

WATCHING THE TENNIS

Lady Wavertree and her pet photographed at the Metropole Tennis Tournament. This tournament, which attracted a record entry, took place at Cannes

ART lovers have had a great treat lately in the exhibition of etchings by Mr. Stetson-Crawford, a pupil of Whistler, whose beautiful work has been immensely admired. Art evidently has its followers in the South as well as sport.

THE great event in the world of music has beyond question been the splendid concert at Monte Carlo directed by Sir Landon Ronald, which was a striking success from every point of view. All seats were sold before Sir Landon and Lady Ronald had arrived in the Principality, and it was a matter for general regret that the distinguished conductor was unable to remain a little longer and give us one or two more concerts. The audience was a brilliant one, and the Duke of Connaught and Major Berkeley Levett were in a box with the Princess of Monaco, and invited Sir Landon round after the programme was over to offer congratulations

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

E. Navello

A FAMOUS COMPOSER ON HOLIDAY

Sir Landon Ronald and Lady Ronald face the camera on a typical "Riviera day" at Monte Carlo. The Riviera is more crowded than ever this season

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PHYLLIS DARE AS FAY
JACK HULBERT AS HARRY BASSETT

with the purpose of learning where she is going on Sunday, or something of that sort, he very soon has to admit that, as a reporter, he is only imitation goods.

Fay's chief objection to her wooer is that he not only does not work, but he will not even play with any kind of well-directed energy. So Harry decides to show the lady what he can do when he is put to it. He arranges a boxing match with a successful glove-thumper, making the clear stipulation that he is to be allowed to knock the other fellow out, and thus win Fay's affection and esteem. Still, as another poet has assured us, our best-laid plans gang aft agley (or thereabouts), and so it is with Harry's arrangements. Owing to a sad misunderstanding at the [illegible] other fellow make[illegible] and Harry is cou[illegible] round.

Still determined [illegible] ful sportsman, famous tennis cham[illegible] neighbouring courts surprise, including h[illegible] only to discover that is a cheap fraud mas[illegible] player for nefarious [illegible] This brings us to the consequential plot, wh[illegible] the secret of an in[illegible] rubber tennis-balls, th[illegible] sinful people in the [illegible] I think the idea has plays of this kind; bu[illegible] here is to give Miss C[illegible] to supply an extra [illegible] Anxious to ingratiate[illegible] master of the house, Pe[illegible] the formula, so that [illegible] credit of restoring it to i[illegible]

This is a delightfully comic scene. Having after the most strenuous efforts succeeded in getting hold of the formula, she drops it into an adjacent flower-pot as a temporary abiding place. When the loss of the formula is announced and loudly lamented, Peggy steps forward and explains that she and her medium will discover its hiding place by spiritualistic means. She grabs her medium by the hair and leads him frantically about the stage till she comes to the flower-pot, only to discover that some nefarious person has been there before her, and that her second sight is not as good as his first one by a long sight.

CICELY

SURPRISE OF WELDON (HAROLD FRENCH) ON MISSING HARRY'S CHIN (JACK HULBERT AS HARRY).

BILLY ARLINGTON AS BILL HARKER

There is naturally much dancing in a production with which Mr. Hulbert is associated, and his own best effort is easily the gem of the production. While affecting to be absorbed in the reading of a letter from his girl, he executes some marvellously complicated steps, which very properly evoke a storm of applause. It seems clear that *Lido Lady* will be a

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

SHARKS are being killed at the rate of a hundred per day off the coast of Florida. English small investors have, however, for a long time known that there is money in sharks.

. . . . .

A COLONIAL says that Englishmen would find in the West Indies a home from home. Perhaps; but though they might not find Barbadoes strange, they would certainly find Jamaica rum.

. . . . .

REVIVALIST meetings are being held in Wales. Another means of obtaining the same effect is to purchase a certain make of car. It is guaranteed to shake the devil out of anyone.

. . .

A CERTAIN author strongly objects to being photographed. He probably knows better than anyone what he looks like.

COLD COMFORT

I had all the symptoms of acute lumbago,
Plus a wobbly kind of feeling in my feet,
And the pain beneath my tunic,
As the classics say, was chrunic,
And my heart, just like a jazz band, missed a beat.

Had I got the sickness that is known as "sleepy?"
Had I scurvy? (once the terror of a crew)
Was I rushing into danger
Caused by some disease that's stranger?
Or was I merely flying into 'flu?

Well, I bought a medical encyclopædia
To discover what it was that made me faint;
Gleaning knowledge, writ by sages,
I perused its painful pages,
Till I found in its appendix my complaint!

Then I own that I went dippy off the deep end,
For the remedy it mentioned made me ill:
Perspiration on my lip shone,
As I read the dread prescription—
"Just induce the sufferer to make his will!"

"WELL," said a member of a certain religious sect, "I don't happen to belong to your abomination, so it's no use shaking your Theosophist at me!"

. . . .

WE understand that the "Red Flag" will shortly be replaced by another anthem. It is about time that the banditti banned ditties of that description.

. . . . . .

"WE came over with the Conqueror."
"Ah, our immigration rules are stricter now."

. . . . . .

MEN who should be shot:—
He who put the "dust" in industry.
" " "beer" in Siberia.
" " "sin" in syncopation.
" " "ruction" in reconstruction *and* the "din" in dinner.

. . . . . .

"WHICH will you have first, Bobby—some bread and butter or a jam three-corner?"
"Thanks, auntie," remarked the film star's son, "I think I'd like a preliminary puff."

. . . . . .

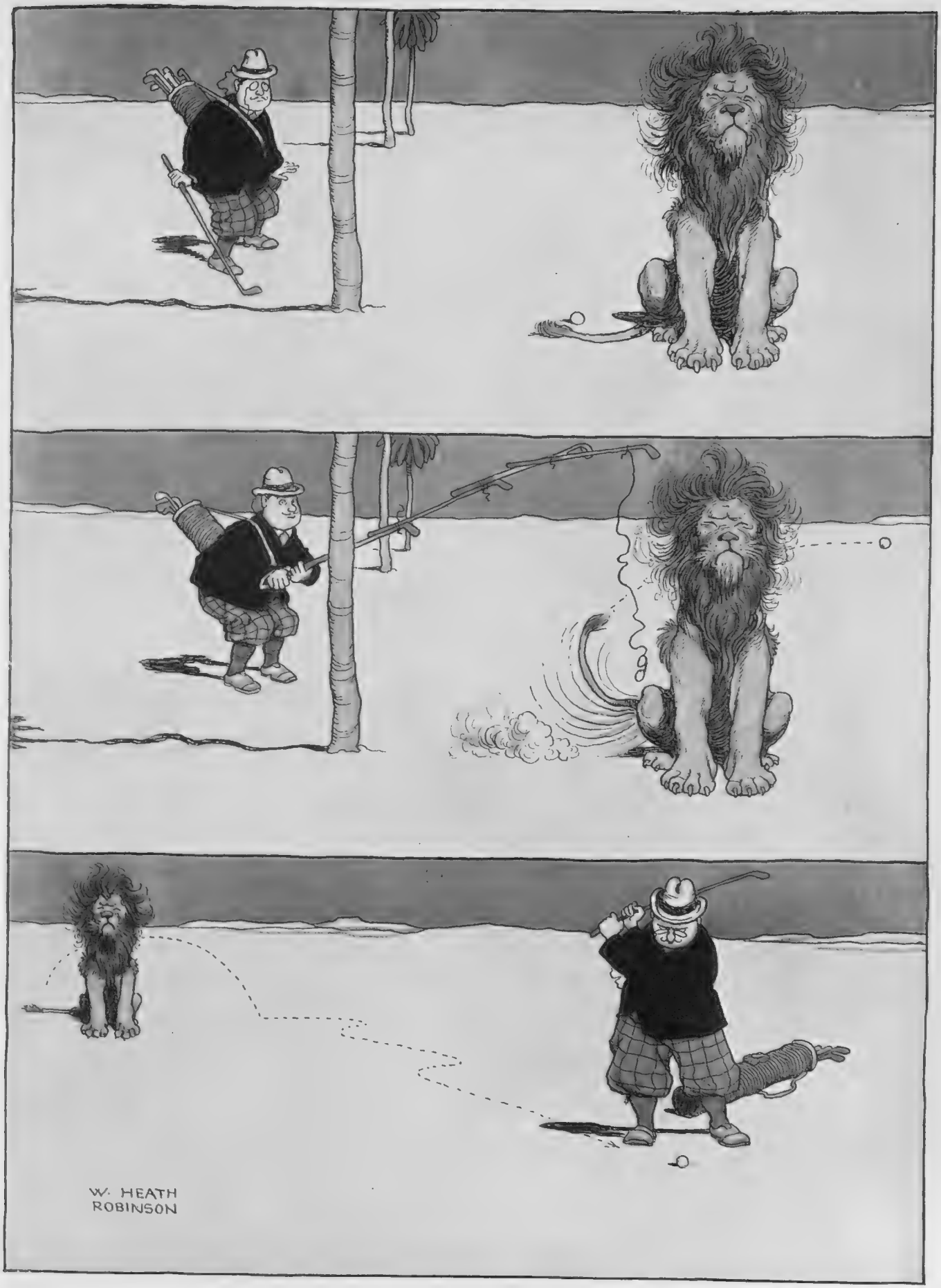
"Do you think that sort of dance is dangerous?"
"Well, the last time I danced it Charles-stunned me!"

. . . . . .

THE last Rugger match between the countries won't be played till March. We shan't mind if the "Third International" never arrives.

Y AUSTIN MCLLOY

Telling the Tail

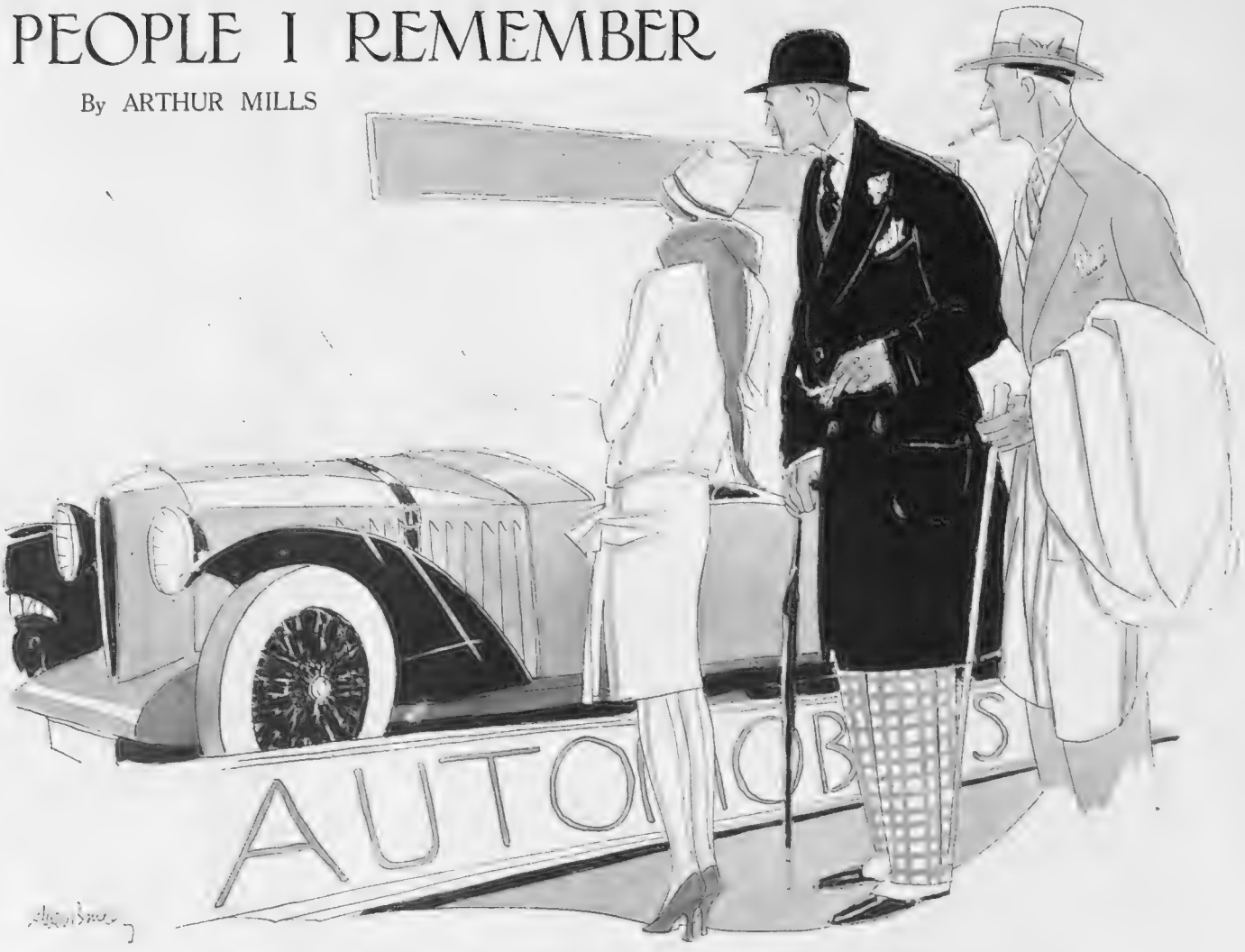


BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

How a difficult lie on the Sahara Golf Course was successfully overcome

PEOPLE I REMEMBER

By ARTHUR MILLS



"We saw a small, doggy two-seater of the kind known as 'super-sport'"

No. III. THE MAN WHO KNEW PARIS

Illustration by ALBERT BAILEY

"ALL right," said George; "we'll meet at Fouquet's at one. We won't lunch there. I know another place. I say, do you mind if a girl comes, too?"

"I don't mind anything."

To tell the truth, I was becoming a trifle weary of George. I liked George; we had had some good times together in other places; but in Paris his society was a little overwhelming. It was the vast store of knowledge he had accumulated about the city that weighed me down. There appeared to be no region from the Arc de Triomphe to the Cimetière Père Lachaise that he did not know intimately: restaurants, bars, theatres, dancings, spectacles—he could take you anywhere.

George was determined to show me Paris as one ought to see it. In consequence we had been almost everywhere, from the Café du Dome to the Taverne des Cosaques, and had become *habitués* at Florida.

Leaving George I made my way along the Boulevard des Italiens, listening to the babel of foreign tongues, until presently I reached the Rue de Richelieu and the sanctuary of Adrien's Bar. The franc had suffered a fresh reverse during the day; the barman mentioned this while he was shaking my cocktail. I expressed regret, but said no more, for it is as futile to discuss the franc with the French as politics with the Irish, since all know everything is the fault of the dirty English.

A brighter environment was created by the arrival of Toinette, who perched herself on the stool next to mine.

"*Ca va?*" she enquired.

I said that it did and hoped she was the same.

Toinette made play with her brightly-reddened lips—the *mouée*, as they say, by which a French girl may be readily distinguished from all others, no matter where. Though, for the matter of that, Toinette had no need to pout to indicate her nationality; from the crown of her smart little hat to the soles of her high-heeled and useless little shoes she looked as though she had stepped straight from the pages of *La Vie Parisienne*.

"To-morrow I *déjeuner* with an Englishman," Toinette informed me.

"That will be nice for you."

Toinette sipped her *rose* cocktail and nodded to the barman, who was looking at me to know if he should take the money for both drinks.

"They are droll, the English, you know. This one he is tall and very serious. I meet him at a 'dancing.' We dance once or twice together; then he look at me and say: 'What do you do here?'"

"'I dance,' I tell him.

"'Will you lunch with me to-morrow?'

"I say that it would enchant me."

"'Very well, Fouquet's, one o'clock,' he say, so to-morrow we take lunch together. He has a good appearance. I think he is rich. All the English are rich?" Toinette asked anxiously.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

A Debutante of the Year

Miss Priscilla Perrott, the daughter of Lady Perrott and the late Colonel Sir Herbert Perrott, C.H., C.B., who is to be presented this season. She is also seen in the circle, out with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds

Photographs Sport and General and Lafayette

" Oh yes, very. But what will Monsieur Bouchon say? "

" He is in the country; but I think if he knew he would be content."

I could not see why this should be, but my speculation was interrupted by the sudden realisation that George had told me to meet him at Fouquet's at one o'clock the next day, that he had invited a girl to lunch with him, and that he was tall. Could it possibly be . . . I put one or two questions to Toinette and learnt that it was indeed George she had met at the dancing. Well, luncheon might be rather amusing.

Said George to me when I arrived next day:

" This girl who is coming is French. I think she will interest you; she is a real little Parisienne."

" Indeed? " More than this I did not say. It seemed no business of mine to explain that I already knew Toinette in an entirely platonic way. Moreover, there were matters that were puzzling me that I should find out most easily by keeping silence.

However, when Toinette arrived she made it clear at once that we had met before. As we were washing our hands George said to me,

" You know her? "

I said that this was so. I did not add that everyone in Paris knew Toinette, but I did say quite truthfully that my acquaintance with her was of a most formal kind.

Well, we had lunch, and I am bound to say that of all George's efforts to show me Paris, Toinette was by far the most successful. Except for a casual word or two with her in Adrien's Bar, which was immediately opposite the palatial offices of Monsieur Bouchon, I had never talked to her before. In the more intimate atmosphere of a luncheon party she blossomed out. Some of her observations were lost on George, but they made the waiters laugh.

Later we walked up the Champs Elysées, on the side where the showrooms of the great motor firms are.

" Ah! " exclaimed Toinette, stopping in front of one of the showroom windows, *" c'est épatant."*

We looked to see what was *épatant,* and saw a small, doggy two-seater of the kind known as " super-sport." It was painted bright red, guaranteed to do a hundred kilometres an hour, and cost twenty thousand francs. For obvious reasons I cannot give the name of the firm.

We remained studying the " super-sport " for some time. Toinette, whose dark eyes could look as expressively at a thing she liked as a dog can look at biscuits, seemed particularly affected.

" I adore those little cars," she said.

Her enthusiasm perplexed me. For even Toinette would scarcely ask a man whom she had just met at luncheon for a motor car.

Presently, with many backward glances at the " super-sport," we passed on our way.

That evening George came to see me.

" I can't make up my mind whether to get that car or not."

" Which car? "

" That ' super-sport ' we saw after lunch."

" Why should you? You'll have to pay heavy duty on it to take it back to England."

" I know, but it would be worth it."

George proceeded to explain. Toinette, it appeared, was going to spend from Friday to Monday at Paris Plage. She adored motoring—in fact, the doctor had ordered it for her health. Of all cars she liked best the " super-sport " we had seen that afternoon. Now if only George had one he could drive her to Paris Plage.

" Now you see why I want to get it."

I tried to make George see reason. I asked him if he thought the sort of girl who would only go motoring with a man who had a " super-sport " was worth bothering about.

He replied " yes " most emphatically.

" So you are going to get it? "

" Yes," said George grimly.

That evening, unbeknown to George, I made an effort to save him. I went round to Adrien's Bar, where Toinette was usually to be found at the *apéritif* hour.

" Is it true that you are going to Paris Plage to-morrow? " I asked.

Toinette said this was so.

" And in the ' super-sport ' that my friend is going to buy? "

Toinette became excited. " Is it true that he will buy it? "

" Yes. As a matter of fact, he bought it half-an-hour ago."

She clapped her hands and danced round the bar, until the barman prayed her to observe decorum.

" But I shall not go in the car," she said; " there will be too much air. I will take the train and we can all meet at Paris Plage."

" And what about Monsieur Bouchon? "

Toinette made an impatient gesture. " Monsieur Bouchon! All the time you ask ' what about Monsieur Bouchon? ' I do not ask you if your dog has fleas; that does not concern me."

We set forth, George and I, the next morning. George in the best of spirits, which were heightened by passing another bright blue " super-sport " travelling at a great speed.

At length, throttle wide and silencer removed, we skidded to a halt in front of the Hotel Atlantica.

The bright blue " super-sport " arrived hot-foot after us.

" There seem to be a lot of these cars about," said George, looking at the blue " super-sport." " There's Toinette! " He waved his cap. " Hullo! she has someone with her."

I looked up and saw Toinette on the terrace. Beside her sat a Frenchman of middle age and portly, prosperous appearance.

George hurried up the steps and greeted Toinette, ignoring her companion. She remedied the little rudeness with charming tact.

" Permit me," she said, " to present you to Monsieur Bouchon."

As George shook hands with Monsieur Bouchon, the owner of the bright blue " super-sport " also arrived. He too came up the steps, hurried up to Toinette, and was presented to Monsieur Bouchon.

" I trust," said Monsieur Bouchon to George, " that you have had a good journey."

" Excellent, thanks." George looked at his " super-sport." " They are capital cars."

Monsieur Bouchon bowed: " You are very amiable."

At this moment George saw Toinette slipping from the terrace.

" I say," he called, " I say . . ."

" A toute à l'heure." Toinette waved her hand and disappeared.

I took George away; it would be better that he should be in some quiet place when he learnt the truth.

" Who's that fellow she was with? " he asked.

" Monsieur Bouchon."

" Why did he say I ' was very amiable to say I liked the " super-sport " '? "

" Because he makes them."

" He . . . makes . . . them! " George stared at me and I saw a vague uneasiness stirring in his eyes.

" Yes, and Toinette sells them for him if she gets a chance. From the look of things she has sold two to-day."

" Ah! " George gave a long-drawn sigh as though a knife was passing through his innards.

But I really was not sorry for him, for if he claimed to know Paris he ought to have known about Toinette and Monsieur Bouchon; to say nothing of the " super-sport "; everyone else did.

A. M.

There is a movement on foot to make divorce easier. Yet divorce at first slight would never do.

. . . . .

A lady novelist enquires, " What after all is a husband? " Some wives seem to regard him merely as a bad habit.

. . . . .

From a feuilleton: " Her brooding eyes swept the gravel path." That lady obviously doesn't need a gardener to tidy up.

"THE BACKBONE OF REVUE"

BY D. L. CHILCHIK

THE

BY WILMOT LUNT

ECOY

BY LEONARD P. DOWD

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S RELATIONS"

BIG DRUMS

By GORDON BECKLES

No. I. NIGEL PLAYFAIR

PICTURE a small boy dangling bright-coloured puppets over the stage of a battered toy theatre; playing with a zest unmarred by the petty encumbrances of tradition—for he has yet to learn that anachronism has nothing to do with the fall of the Romanoffs; just putting his tongue in his cheek and taking liberties.

Most of the puppets seeming to have eighteenth-century clothes glued to their limbs, his repertory is limited, but in no way antiquated; oh dear, *no*! Molière is made modern, John Gay is rewritten, Congreve becomes reclothed . . . and why not? Whatever is the use of having a toy theatre if you can't do what you like with it?

The picture is incongruous only because the small boy appears disguised as a slightly middle-aged gentleman of academic aspect, heavily horn-rimmed. But Nigel Playfair has never grown up. No one with the wisdom of maturity would have dared to tempt fortune with a tumble-down theatre in a riverside slum three miles from Piccadilly. And no one but a man trained to be a lawyer could have possibly proceeded to arrange so amicable a settlement between his artistic conscience and his box-office manager.

Consider, for a moment, what this amazing Mr. Playfair has accomplished since the War. With the connivance of Mr. Arnold Bennett, he first induced three modest newspaper magnates to part with a few thousands sterling. Then, having given the Lyric Theatre at Hammersmith a semblance of decency, he proceeded to discharge at the public, with unerring precision, a long series of the kind of production which no other theatre manager in London would have dared even to consider: *Abraham Lincoln, The Beggar's Opera, The Way of the World, Lionel and Clarissa, Midsummer Madness.* Yes; Mr. Playfair is obviously far less precocious than his two sons at Harrow, Lyon and Giles.

Playfair is, indeed, the Playboy of the Western Theatre World; but he is boyishly angry if anyone calls him the high-priest of the highbrows, or any such name.

"I am *not* a highbrow, because *I* do *not* think the theatre is sacred," he reasons.

* * * * *

Playfair is pack full of provocative theories. He is a keen antagonist of the T.B.M. school, whose function it is to produce entertainments with an eye on the eye of the Tired Business Man. "My theatre," he will say, "is a stimulant, not an anodyne. It's a place not where life's problems may be forgotten, but where they may be intensified."

In short, Playfair is not in the nocturnal business of selling Lethe in bottles at 1s. 3d. to 10s. 6d.

"Born in the eighteenth century," wrote the nine-year-old Lyon of his young father, "he was educated at Margate, etc., Harrow and Oxford. After an unsuccessful career as a barrister he became an actor. In 1918 he bought a queer theatre and became famous as a perducer."

Admirable Lyon! The rest of Playfair's career seems, paradoxically, to be best described by the careers of his associates at the Lyric and the Liverpool Repertory Theatres.

Lovat Fraser, Doris Zinkeisen, George Sheringham, William Nicholson and Norman Wilkinson have done more, I believe, to brighten stage decoration than any group of artists in the history of the English theatre.

* * * * *

A colourful, and economical, grotesqueness is the scheme on which Playfair builds his productions. The picture of the boy playing with the puppets is not extravagant, for all the players are puppets at the Lyric, moving in jerky steps, posing in the awkward poses of an eighteenth-century print.

Riverside Nights contained many pleasant burlesques of Tchekov and Victorian music-hall singers; but it did not burlesque Playfair. Is there any doubt that the prolific Master Lyon would be only too willing to oblige with a well-informed sketch for the next revue? The stage directions thus:—

Enter a Gentleman with horn-rimmed glasses, in a brilliant crimson coat with gold buttons, white trousers and stockings; and bewigged. He walks mincingly, taking up an excessively awkward pose which he is convinced that he has convinced the public is how all Englishmen balanced themselves in 1782. Hand on hip, he counts all the people in the stalls and boxes . . . and proceeds to sing a very jolly song about a rake who lived in the days when England *was* England and not a slice of Charleston swamp and the Warsaw ghetto.

That, ladies and gentlemen, is the hero of the piece; but Mr. Playfair, author, actor-manager, producer, is somehow, in real life, seldom in the limelight. That is his genius.

COMMUNITY SINGING BY WORMS

DR. MANGOLD, a scientist of Freiburg, has just announced to the world that earthworms sing at their work. I received the news with a profound sense of relief. One of the newspapers is conducting a campaign on behalf of Community Singing, which up till now I have regarded with suspicion. The example of the worms, however, wins me over.

I rejoice also for the sake of all fishermen. When on any future date the fish refuse to bite, the bored fisherman can put his ear down to the bait box and listen while the pretty creatures sing. By the way, I wish the Professor could tell us if worms sing when on the hook. If they do, can fishes hear them, and would a bass eat a worm with a bass voice and so on?

Birds eat worms, do they not, and birds sing most beautifully. Now we human beings eat birds, such as larks, and we sing most beautifully, in the bathroom if not elsewhere. Worms finally consume us, and it is rather thrilling to know that they absorb at least one of our accomplishments. Life we know to be a cycle. Now song is as much a cycle as life. The inventors of the phrase "song-cycle" anticipated a most fascinating discovery.

I have always been sorry for worms. They have no expression. Look a worm in the face and you can't tell if it is his face. No worm has been known to smile, let alone laugh, the reason being that he spends all his life trying to avoid suffocation. Up till now we thought him dumb, but Professor Mangold's discovery proves this to be wrong. A worm who can sing can surely carry on some conversation.

Before trying to talk to and cheer up the next worm you run across, please try and master the tonic sol-fa of the worm world. An article published in *Kosmos*, a Stuttgart journal, has been translated into English for reproduction in the American *Literary Digest*, and this says that the sounds made by worms when singing resemble the human sound made by the consonant D united with one of the five vocal sounds, and are of a clicking character. Here are the five kinds of sound :—

1. Di-di-di.
2. De-de-de.
3. Da-da-da.
4. Do-do-do.
5. Du-du-du.

The first three are the songs most frequently sung.

Now Professor Mangold is puzzled by his discovery. He is certain that the worms make these sounds and that they do not make them when they are eating. This leads him to suppose that the worms are singing at their work. I think he is right. "But why," the Professor might ask, "do they sing in such differing tones? Why should one worm be a do-er and another a di-er?"

Let us take the various sounds in order. It is obvious to me that "di-di-di" is sung by the sort of worm who, if he were human, would give us the Indian Love Lyrics. Compare "When I am dying" and other melancholy ballads. Then there is the song recently heard in the streets, "Guy, guy, guy, stick him up on high, etc." Is it possible that Professor Mangold was listening-in to the worm world on the 5th of November, and that he overheard rejoicings resembling our own?

Our next problem is "de-de-de." Now where have we heard that sound before? It is quite familiar, but we hear it only on the concert platform when Hebridean tenors and sopranos plug "Annie Laurie" into our helpless ears "I would lay me down and dee," they wail, whereas an Englishman would lay him down de-cently and die, if you'll excuse me. Therefore the worm who warbles "de-de-de" is a Scottish worm, or at any rate of Scottish descent.

"Da-da-da" presents no obstacles. If the Professor had told us that the worms he listened to included infants, we might have jumped to a hasty and possibly erroneous conclusion. As we have reason to believe that Dr. Mangold keeps only adult worms in his terrariums, it is clear that the sound has nothing to do with the prattle of a child. Then what sort of a worm is it who is always saying or singing "da-da-da"?

I hope the answer will not cause pain, but I have to explain that I have often heard the sound in the theatre of late. In the plays of Mr. Sean O'Casey and other writers a father is always referred to by other characters as a "da." It will be clear then that a worm who is always warbling "da-da-da" is an Irish worm and possibly the worm equivalent of an Abbey Theatre dramatist.

The next two sounds, "Do-do-do" and "Du-du-du" are not as frequently heard in the worm-concert. How am I to account for this? Well, "Do," it must be remembered, is pronounced in this instance so as to rhyme with "dough," which, in a financial sense, is always scarce. But we must not forget that the worms are in all probability singing. What sort of song does "Do-do-do" suggest?

Something in praise of E. F. Benson's heroine? Something that is as dead as the dodo? Impossible. No, my theory is that this particular worm has a cold. You know those ghastly old English folk-songs that are forced on us at times, "Hey, nonny no" and "Oh no, John, no John, no-o." Well I have heard them sung by people suffering from nasal catarrh when the attempt to pronounce "No" only produces "do." Yes, the "do-do-do" worm is the bore of the worm concert world—(of course they are all bores because they are always boring, Ha, ha!)—and not only insists on singing folk songs, but does so when he ought to have his tail in a mustard tail-bath.

"Du-du-du." Ah, my friends, the worm who sings like that is easy to identify. You know those singers, don't you? I mean the ones that pronounce "you" as "yew" and "blue" as "blew." It is within the lifetime of most of us that they first appeared, alas! without any particular show of resistance being made. There can be little doubt that the "du-du-du" worm is an American, that is to say, if there be among worms any equivalent to an American.

Now we know all about worms!

London's Latest Movement

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

London's newest club, the Ice Club, although it was opened only recently, has already a large membership of enthusiastic skaters. The sketches were made at the opening of the Club's headquarters in Grosvenor Road

With the Younger Generation

IN FULL CRY

The young idea certainly knows how to ride straight to hounds, as is proved by the above photograph. It was taken at the recent Children's Meet of the Ross Harriers, at Huntsham

UP AND OVER *Photo Illus.*

Master Peter Pritchard taking an obstacle in good style whilst riding in the Children's Meet of the Ross Harriers. He is the son of the Master, Mr. R. E. Pritchard

THE HIGHLAND TOUCH *Topical*

Lady Violet Astor with her son Gavin, whose Shetland pony regards the camera with a nervous eye. The photograph was taken at a meet of the West Kent, at Iver Castle

BEFORE THE RUN *Central News*

Some of the young followers who took part in the recent Children's Meet of the Cotswold Hunt, which was held at Seven Springs. It proved a great success, about 150 young people having ridden to hounds

A SURE SEAT *Photo Illus.*

Miss Beryl Parry proves her prowess in the saddle whilst out with the Ross Harriers

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PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

FOR very many people the new *revue* at the Moulin Rouge will be the finest spectacular *revue* which has been produced in Paris for a good few years. It is not easy to accord it adequate praise without seeming to run into absurd extravagance. All its own recent predecessors have been hopelessly eclipsed and apparently there has been

***Parisiennes* found fascination in muscled sportsmen**

in effort to surpass to a crushing degree he productions of all the rivals with ery considerable success. The Folies-Bergère and the Casino de Paris people vill require an extensive supply of wet owels for their aching foreheads while hey are devising something that will go one better.

S

So excellent is "Ca . . . c'est Paris" that one scarcely knows where to begin. There is so much temptation to dwell on the *tour de force* of Mistinguett that there is danger of minimising the triumphs of the person who is responsible for the brilliance of colouring, a gorgeousness that is so *frappant* that it holds the memory much longer than is usually the case. Jacques Charles is probably responsible for this himself and it is certainly something to be exceedingly proud of. As for Mistinguett, never has she been so good. It would have been thought impossible for her to make any great advance after so many years, but she has leaped above her own exceptional standards.

MISTINGUETT, as is well known, is generally full of *entrain* so far as her own parts are concerned, but she has also the gift of communicating this development of personality, and of this *revue* she is so much the *animatrice* that she most certainly merits the title of *reine du music-hall*. There is no resisting her "drive," on the part of either her company or the spectators. It is conquest complete and consenting. Not the youngest of the *figurantes* is so youthful, so "all-out," in singing, acting, or dancing, and all with a naturalness that makes her contribution prodigious. We all thought we knew our Mistinguett, but nobody had even guessed that she had her best in reserve.

S

THE *tableaux* include so many excellent *trouvailles* that it seems invidious to single out any one of them, but as the Moulin Rouge has rather made a speciality of "stagecraft" numbers, perhaps one should allude to the storm-scene, of such wonderful realism that it has already inspired a very fine picture. Mistinguett is the soul of this sketch, as of most of the others, yet it must not be thought that the *revue* is a one-man band. All the company is very sound, and there is very fine work in the combination of Randall and Earl Leslie with the *merveilleuse* "Miss."

S

STAGEFOLK of Paris are unmistakably sore over the arrival of two newcomers who were already world-famous in very different *rôles*—Paul Poiret the *couturier*, and Georges Carpentier the boxer. Paul and Georges may—or may not—win the hearts of Parisian theatregoers. It is *bien evident* that they will touch only the livers and the spleen of the professionals, who regard them as unfair rivals. Paul is already being told, as plainly as is judicious, to go back to his frocks, and Georges to return to his saucepans. (Georges mixed a bit of aluminium-ware manufacturing with his boxing.)

"My great, great-grandfather ate up a missionary"

S

WHAT has probably hurt most is that Georges is to receive as a starting salary at a music-hall six thousand francs a night, which is more than is commanded by most of the well-known comedians of France. But the embittered ones ought to realise that Georges will not continue to earn this very long unless he proves worth it to managers as a music-hall attraction, and if he comes on sufficiently well in the dancing and singing he is so seriously studying it will not be a bit of use kicking against popularity with the public. The public will not pay to hear Carpentier sing because he is a good boxer or to hear Paul Poiret declaim because he can make fascinating frocks.

S

"The *merveilleuse* 'Miss'"

THE Maoris, who seem to have found French grounds more congenial than British so far as the accumulation of victories is concerned, won a lot of new supporters for the Rugby game. *Parisiennes* found an exceptional fascination in such *souples* and *musclés* sportsmen, and though their farewell game at Colombes was played in a Siberian temperature, there was an astonishing number of *Parisiennes* who thought them worth the risk of a severe chill. They left one very good story, which is attributed to the

captain. Chatting with a *Parisienne* who had insisted on being introduced, he mentioned that he had Irish blood in his veins. "Ah," said the unsuspecting *demoiselle*, "one of your ancestors was British." "No, it wasn't like that," was the explanation; "what happened was that my great, great-grandfather ate up a missionary."

WE have discovered a consoling form of *revanche* on golf-course hogs. Many French golfers are like French motorists. They have an irresistible urge to pass the people in front, not because they are in any real hurry, but because they cannot govern the impulse to push ahead. Consequently they will keep banging shots into your back in defiance of all regulations. We had suffered this for a while without being able to find any method of dealing with it, but the construction of a "blind" short hole furnished us with the means. The couple behind us had been particularly aggravating, continuing to drive through us, although we had twice appealed to them as we were playing a competition qualifying round and found it distracting to be used as targets.

HOWEVER, while we were putting out at the "blind" hole the ball of one of our pursuers plonked on to the green, causing my partner to miss a tiny putt. On leaving the green he placed the guilty ball in the hole and we purposely spent a long while over our *douche*, before returning to the smoking-room. There we found eleven bottles of champagne on the tables and everybody drinking at the expense of our gadfly friend, in celebration of his doing a hole in one. That champagne tasted sweeter than usual to us.

"He might encounter spectres"

"SEM," the caricaturist has always had the reputation of being thoroughly fearless. He sketched people as disagreeably as he felt inclined and cared not at all for what they subsequently said, or threatened to do. But it has been learned that he has one fear—of ghosts. He bought a beautiful garden on the Riviera which belonged to the heirs of a M. and Mme. Tripet, who had loved it so much that they had been interred there. It is forbidden in France to remove a mausoleum, or the cinders therein, and "Sem" was afraid that if he erected a villa above it, he might encounter spectres in the corridors or that the wine in the cellar might "turn." Now he is said to be looking for a purchaser less susceptible to the neighbourhood of *fantômes*.

I HAVE a very warm feeling of sympathy for Gen Nan Pen, a Chinese student who had been overcome by depression in the Latin Quarter. Pen sought a suitable outlet for the jangles, and he took a running kick at the mirror in his bedroom. What a feeling of joy must have spread over him after this! It cost him a night or two in the *Dépôt*. But I should say it was worth it. Those of us who have so often felt like that but have lacked courage, are subscribing for a new mirror and a little testimonial to a real-life hero. RENÉ.

"IN INDIA'S SUNNY CLIME" *P. Bose*

The team of the M.C.C., whose Indian tour has been causing considerable interest, and that of the Europeans in the East, photographed on the occasion of their match at Calcutta. The Maharaja of Patiala is seated fourth from the right in the front row

"The Grandeur That Was Rome." "Ben Hur" at the Tivoli

THE PRIDE OF OFFICE

The Roman centurion Messaia (Francis Bushman) rebuffs Ben Hur (Ramon Novarro). A scene from the Metro-Goldwyn film version of "Ben Hur" at the Tivoli Cinema

A POIGNANT MOMENT

A stirring scene, showing the Passage of the Cross, which is one of the most moving incidents in the film version of "Ben Hur." (Inset) Ben Hur (Ramon Novarro) is seen driving his white Arab horses in the great chariot race, which is one of the sensations in the screen version

Clubs are almost deserted

ROUND THE CORNER

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

DEAR COUSIN—

TERRIBLY foolish and weak of me, I suppose, but there's a little lilac tree in my garden I caught budding yesterday, and ever since everything's looked such a lot brighter and so different. Really a very rash little bush, you know, to go anticipating things like that and starting to push out its tiny efforts when, as all the gloom-buds'll tell you, we've got all the worst and nippiest of the winter yet to come. Kind of people, you know, who say, "I told you so"— or *look* it, which is almost worse—when you catch the prevailing pink cold or *sang froid,* as the schoolboy said, or words to that effect. Pink by nose and pink by nature, too, as some other epigrammatist has remarked, by now anyway, if not previously done.

AFORESAID boot-faced ones having, in truth, quite probably been quite singularly and lavishly profuse and full of good advice to you before the final calamity—only they've handed it out so far and wide, not to say wholesale, that you couldn't well have missed being included in same. And, anyway, somewhat to apologise for, *n'est-ce pas?* instead of being proud and vainglorious over—to have sounded the knell beforehand, I mean, so to speak, and thereby I'm not at all sure not really sort of subconsciously psychologised you into it. Not that they have any shame or decent feeling of that sort, these prophets of evil, what? Only consolation and slight satisfaction of *revanche* being when they go and somehow quite unaccountably catch it themselves. Whereupon it does become poss., does not it? to be so sweetly sympathetic and devastatingly attentive that they must at least *begin* to guess no one could be altogether genuinely quite as sorry as *that*. But all that's by the way.

WHAT I was just starting out to say when you interrupted me (or did I do it myself? Sorry, and anyway, I forgive you) was about that little bud, wasn't it? that's changed my whole life. Solemn thought, what—but also somewhat cheerful in its way. Said change all to the good, methinks, however rash and reckless. General scheme or idea whereof being that, however hopelessly premature and all that sort of thing I am, just like the lilac it clings to me. . . . The new, strange, terribly exciting thought, I mean, that, come what may, let lightning bash or thunder roar, and rain, hail, snow go sheeting down, and the cruel wind whistle round the eaves and gables of the old ancestral grange (whatever a grange may be)—yet in solemn and heart-soothing sooth, dear Cousin, we *have* turned the corner. And the good old New Year's thoroughly *franchi le seuil* and got into its stride, as you might say, and we can even venture, timidly and tentatively, of course, like the modest drooping snowdrop, but still actually, anyway, *begin* to do a bit of looking ahead.

Fur garters

AHEAD to . . . ? Well, must say meseemeth, all in present prospect hath a somewhat favourable appearance and everything in the garden's lovely, so to speak. Days getting longer and nights getting brighter—especially now the theatres are not quite so Christmasy as they were. Fearfully nice, of course, the "Charley's Aunts" and "Private Secretaries" and rainbows and windmills and things, but just possibly just a shade on the cloying side, and it's rather a heartening thought that proper first nights have got going again, with all their extra special joys. Which are, viz., and that is to say—the idea of starting in right at the beginning, for one thing, and being one of the absolute first, which counts, methinks, in plays as well as frocks and hats. And then there's the sort of *matinées* of it all—everybody pairing out to *foyers* and places in the intervals, and meeting friends and talking about the show, and how good or rotten it is, as the case may be. And, above all, the audience.

THAT first-night audience—well, had I the wealth of Crœsus, or other favoured mortals with -stein or -sohn at the end of their names, I couldn't really think of any very much better way of spending same than buying first night tickets for self and friends, just so's to get the kind of atmosphere that's not to be purchased at any price at any of the other times. I mean, they do boo sometimes from the gallery at first nights, but not generally before it's needed, and, anyway, you've got to remember they've probably been standing in a queue for hours and hours and hours, which is at least some excuse. But *the* very deepest sort of attention there is while the show's on, and everybody kind of hoping that the play'll be good—and they know something about plays, too, even some of the Steins and Sohns. Whereas, other evenings—oh! dear Cousin, had such a *dreadful*

Two Bands Which Link Up London's Dancing World

RAYS OF SUNSHINE AT THE RIVIERA

The bright atmosphere of the Riviera Club is heightened very considerably by its band. They are here shown discoursing sweet music for the delectation of various other well-known Riviera personalities

A BALCONY SCENE AT THE EMBASSY

The balcony at the Embassy Club is occupied by a band which does much to drive away the gloom from London's nights. Here they are basking in the appreciative smiles of the Club's presiding geniuses

experience a day or two ago when I went for the second time to a perfectly *enthralling* play I'd seen on the first night amid violent and vivid enthusiasm.

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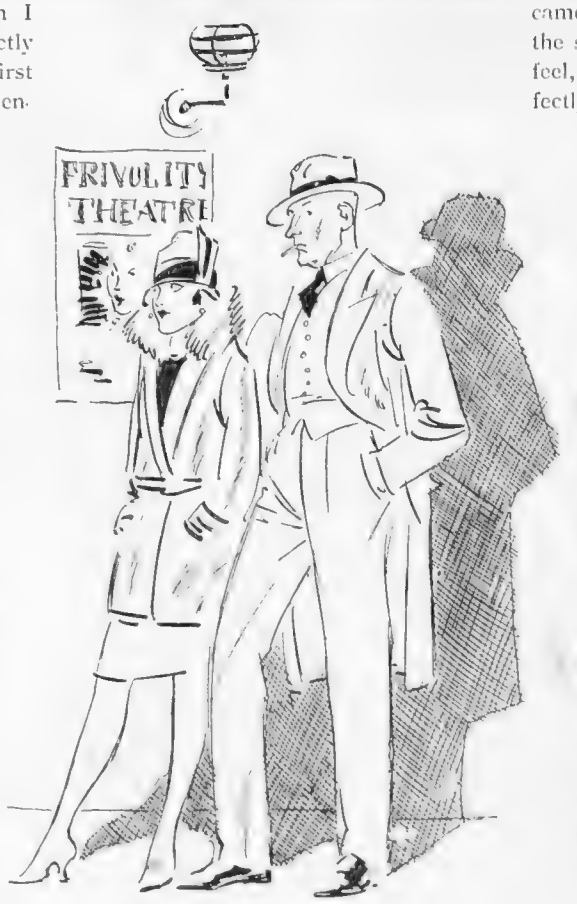
But this time the *hoi polloi* from Streatham and Kensington and places were there in force, laughing at all the pathetic parts and being quite unamused by any of the rather brilliant wit, and chumping chocolates all the while with their highly intelligent faces (I don't think!) that looked as if they'd been bought at a bargain sale. And nobody ever really seemed to get the faintest idea of the proper weaving of the plot—like the two women I sat behind at the St. Martin's another happy night when they'd just put that fairly funny-ish first piece on. Kept on quite seriously discussing the curtain-raiser, they did, thinking it was *Berkeley Square* all the time, only they *did* admit they were a bit mildly surprised about one of the actors, who, they agreed, didn't look quite himself, and wasn't quite acting up to his usual form!



"Standing in a queue for hours"

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A somewhat entertaining world, after all, is it not? And, as they say in one of the latest books, Romance is always just round the corner. In various shapes, too, as, for instance, a lilac bud, or perchance a blue-skied sunny May day in January, or peradventure even a new hat. Concerning which last event, that most solemn and traditionally sober of institutions, a judge, and a bachelor one at that, has just freely, publicly, and openly declared and admitted that it's (1) a treasure, (2) a triumph, and (3) a tonic—to all well-conducted and properly constituted women, of course, *ça va sans dire*. All of which we knew before, needless to say, but rather refreshing, in a way, to find that these Great and Glorious Joys are not unguessed at, even in the chill and bachelor aloofness of the Bench.

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Not so altogether unimportant nowadays knees aren't, by the way, are they? what with great maestros in the art of adornment simply tearing their few remaining hairs out and spending positively sleepless afternoons, thinking out new designs for our—hush!—garters. Rather gorgeous affairs they are, too, the spring fashion days, you know. Trimmed with fur, as well as shimmering buckles and clasps and whatnots—even family crests and cameos now peep sedately from beneath the sway of our pleated skirts. Nice to feel, anyway, that our knees are perfectly turned out, as they used to put it in the days of King Edward—when, of course, knees were anathema, maranatha, and then some, and our esteemed ancestresses paraded daily complete with boleros, boas, trains, and nice highest buttoned boots.

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Clubs, they say, are hard up these days, and thinking of closing down, anyway, one day a week, Sunday for choice. Which sounds saddish, but, after all, far, far better, *n'est-ce pas?* for ancient and crusted members thereof to get out (compulsorily) at least one day per week, and have just a look at the world. Which is, am sure, a nice spring-y one these days, spite of above-mentioned warnings, and so on. And makes one come over all of a pleasing dither even to hear played, not to mention dance, such uplifting and haunting airs as the one about how—

> Love made the birds that sing,
> The flowers of spring,
> And everything,
> For thine, sweetheart.
>
> Love made the skies so blue,
> The morning dew,
> And sunbeams too,
> For my sweetheart.

Not to mention another little musical lyric that's also awfully convenient for fox-trots and such-like—

> Leave a little smile,
> Leave a little kiss,
> Leave me something to remember.

卐

And there's a nice Bishop who says you can tell just as many lies as you like so long as it's in a good cause, and there's a Stage Guild Ball at Covent Garden on February 16 complete with old-fashioned circus setting and all sorts of prizes for the best and cleverest dresses of Ring—Circus, *not* Wagner—costumes. And the next day as ever is there is the Scarf or Shawl Ball in aid of the Invalid and Crippled Children's Society at Claridge's, so we shall be busy, meseems. Also, they've fixed up the Covent Garden opera season already for May—some looking ahead, *n'est-ce pas*—what?

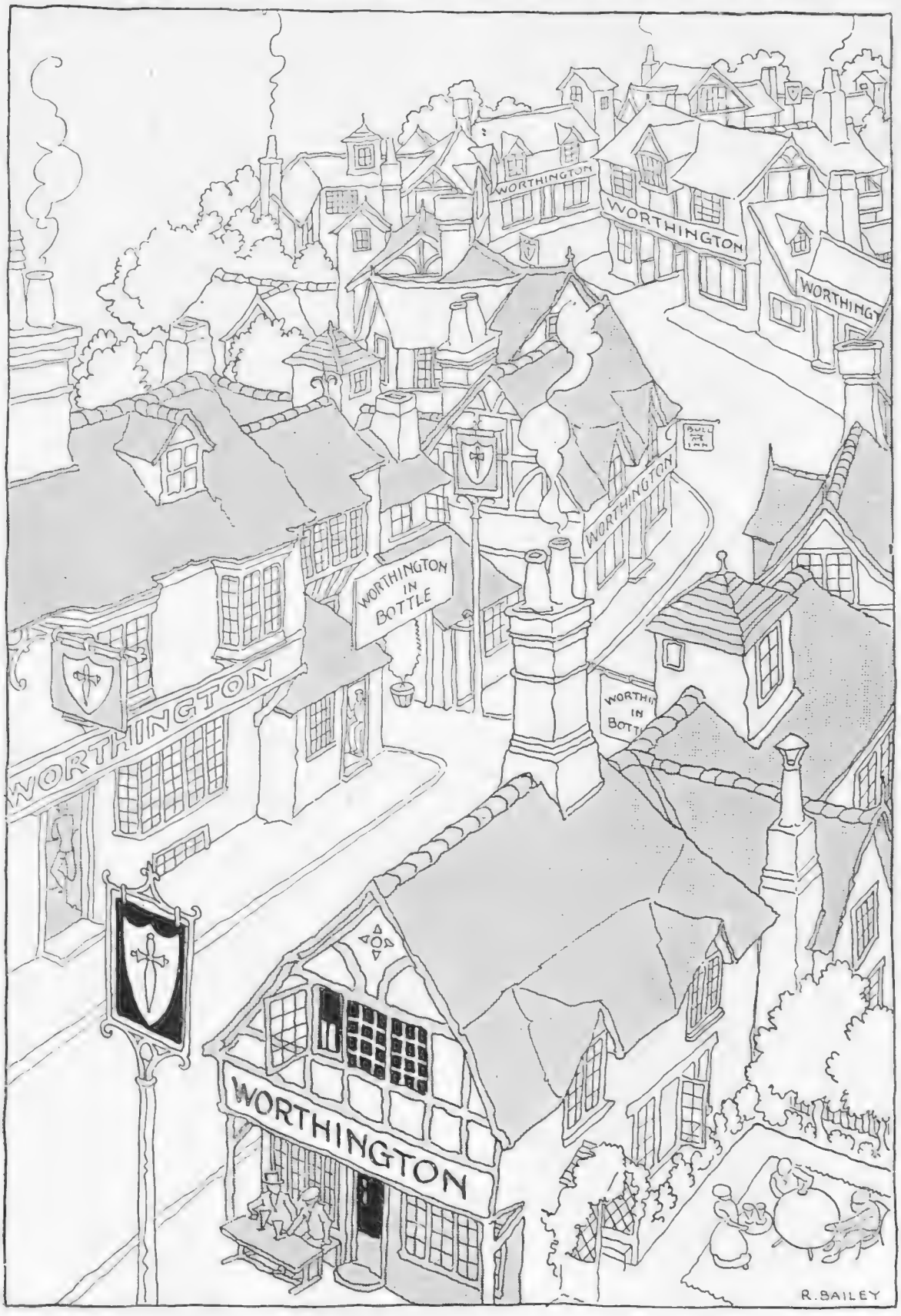
With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

"Chill and bachelor aloofness of the Bench"

Play Titles bottled by Worthington



"QUALITY STREET"

British Illus.

MR. I. B. S. LEWIN (left), FLIGHT-LIEUT. B. A. S. LEWIN, MR. S. MILES, MR. J. H. MORGANS, MRS. NICHOLSON, MRS. ASTRIDGE, and MISS J. FAULKNER

Sport and General

MR. P. H. SKEY (left), MR. R. D. ROSS, R.E., MR. G. BRADSHAW, R.H.A., MISS A. MOORE, MISS K. WRIGLEY, and MISS WRIGLEY

DANCERS AT RECENT HUNT BALLS

The photograph on the left shows some of the dancers who trod a measure at Mr. Seymour Allen's Hunt Ball at Tenby, the other photographs showing some of those who did the same thing at the V.W.H. (Cricklade) and V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hunt Balls at Cirencester. Below are seen the feet with which the aforementioned measure was trod

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

In Warwickshire

WARWICKSHIRE hunting people are to be congratulated upon having successfully solved the difficult question of the future Mastership of the pack. It is never satisfactory for a hunting country of this importance to be without a regular M.F.H., and although Sir Charles Wiggin and Sir Frederick Freake have admirably filled the gap as Field Masters during the present season, there is naturally a feeling of relief in Warwickshire that a good sportsman has now come forward to take over the responsibilities of office. It was a serious blow to the country when Mr. Walter Buckmaster met with his serious accident in the field two seasons ago. Although he had already resigned the Joint-Mastership at that time, it is no secret that most of the followers of the pack, and practically all the farmers, were hopeful that he would be induced to take over the sole command. Mr. Buckmaster has made an excellent recovery, and I am glad to see that he is enjoying sport with the old pack this season, but he does not feel fit enough to take over the reins of office again.

The New Master

THE newly elected M.F.H. is Major M. Huttenbach, who is by no means a stranger to the Warwickshire country. As Mr. R. H. A. Holbech pointed out at the meeting over which he presided last week, Major Huttenbach frequently hunted with the pack in his early soldiering days, and later he married Miss Akroyd, of Avon Bassett. During the War he served with distinction with the R.F.A. and the R.H.A., having the unique experience of being in the retreat from Mons and one of the first people to land at Gallipoli.

ONLOOKERS AT THE MEET *Alfieri*

Lady Violet Brassey and the Hon. Lancelot Bathurst photographed at a recent Meet of the Cowdray at Goodwood House, with another interested spectator who "looked in" at the photograph. Mr. Bathurst has held several Masterships of Foxhounds

He is by no means a novice with hounds, as when he was at Woolwich he was Master of the Drag for a couple of seasons. But that was a very different job from hunting a fashionable pack like the Warwickshire. Still, the new Master, who proposes to settle down in the county, is brimful of enthusiasm, and is likely to prove popular with all sections of the hunt.

A Cold Snap

LAST week came the first serious break which hunting has encountered so far this winter. The cold snap prevailed practically throughout the country, and Thursday found the majority of packs in idleness. Stoppages of this sort are only to be expected in January, and hunting people are fortunate in that they have not had more of them this season. In many countries not a single day had been lost by bad weather since the opening day until the interruption came last week. A good deal of excellent sport had been enjoyed just previously. The Grafton were among the packs which shared in the good things. One of their best days followed the meet at Westbury. The outing was noteworthy, as the hounds were being hunted by the Master, Lord Hillingdon.

Grafton Sport

SIR SAMUEL Scott's covert provided a straight-necked fox who was hunted at racing pace for three-quarters of an hour. Then they went into the Bicester country, and the gallop continued for some time until they ran their quarry to ground. Not for a long time have hounds travelled faster than they did in the first half of this hunt.

Photographs

A GROUP INCLUDING CAPT. GRINLEY, MAJOR INGLIS, MRS. INGLIS, MISS GRAENE, and MRS. COX

Sport and General

A GROUP INCLUDING MR. W. H. and the MISSES M. and J. WYKEHAM-MUSGRAVE, MISS CAPEL-CURE, MISS TALBOT and MESSRS. STRICKLAND, THOMAS, and CHARRINGTON

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Jack Horner

I was glad to see Jack Horner in excellent trim at Lingfield last week, and it is clear that this horse is likely to make a strong bid to add his name to the small list of dual Grand National winners. I do not think Harvey Leader, who was only just back from a short holiday in Switzerland, seriously expected the horse to score at Lingfield, for his main objective this season is the big Liverpool event. Before the race, however, he confided to me the hope that Jack Horner would make a really good show. I reminded him that this time last year the horse was winning over fences. "Ah, yes," he replied, "but he was a bit more forward then than he is now." I did not have an opportunity later in the day of discussing the race with Leader, but I am perfectly convinced that he was well satisfied with the horse's exhibition.

A Good Display

In fact, Jack Horner did everything that could have been reasonably expected of him. He showed that his jumping powers are unimpaired and also that he retains that turn of speed which enabled him to beat Old Tay Bridge on the flat in the Grand National. It was only when lack of condition told its tale that Jack Horner began to lose ground at Lingfield. Even then, he was undoubtedly second best. He seems to be a particularly sound horse, and the chances are that he will be at the top of his form on the day of the Grand National. I asked Leader for his ideas on the interesting subject of the horse's probable weight in that race. He said he thought the handicapper would give him something like 11 st. 7 lb. I ventured the opinion that Jack Horner will get a little more than that, because, owing to the non-appearance of Silvo in the entry, Mr. E. A. C. Topham will probably arrange the weights on a higher scale than they were last year if he decides to use the maximum of 12 st. 7 lb.

AT IDSWORTH PARK *Special Press*

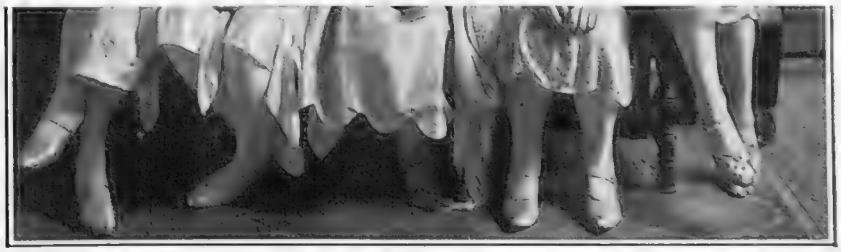
Mr. J. H. Hulme and Mrs. Quintin Dick with nephew and niece Quintin, and Mary Curzon. The photograph was taken at the recent trials of the Labrador Retriever Club, of which Mrs. Quintin Dick is the Honorary Secretary

The Question of Weight

I fear Old Tay Bridge may be asked to carry something like this burden. It will be a great pity if this horse, who has worked his way into second place two seasons in succession, should be crushed out by weight. Yet it is difficult to perceive any other entrant who could be reasonably placed in front of him in apportioning the weights. There is just a possibility that Mr. Topham will decide to give Blancona pride of place. This young horse is very difficult to handicap. The only time he has run over the Liverpool course was when he beat Bright's Boy in decisive fashion last autumn. On that form you can make him out to be about 7 lb. better than last year's Grand National third. Following this line of reasoning, Blancona seems to be qualified for top weight.

The Lincoln

There has been naturally much speculation as to the horse who will head the handicap at Lincoln. Mr. Penrhyn-Hornby is not likely to be at all lenient with Astérus, who is nominally favourite for the race at the time of writing. Still fresh in memory are the triumphs of Sir Gallahad and Tapin on the Carholme. Astérus will not be so gently treated as those other winners of the French Two Thousand were. Among the English colts it is inevitable that Tolgus will be among those at the top of the handicap. We may be sure, too, that Embargo will be substantially weighted, while the German horse, Weissdorn, is certain to be given plenty to do.



THE WINNERS *Sport and General*

The English XV which took the field against Wales at Twickenham. After a hard struggle, in which the visitors were handicapped by playing a man short for more than half the game, England won by 11 points to 9

FULL MEASURE By "PENDARVES"

A man said, as we edged towards the exits, "Well, I paid a feller a fiver for my seat this morning, and I consider I have had my money's worth—full measure."

He was no doubt referring to the general excitement of an International Day at Twickenham and to the perpetual thrills of this game, rather than to the quality of the football. The quality of the Rugger did not seem to me to be anything approaching what one expects from the thirty best men in England and Wales. The standard was curiously below par. Not that this matters, I suppose, to the enormous crowd as a whole, who thoroughly enjoyed every moment of the eighty minutes' play, judging by the noise they made.

The only players who caught one's eye outstandingly were Corbett, for England, and Windsor Lewis for Wales, with occasional glimpses of Powell flinging out the ball from the scrum like a man bewitched. Otherwise, both sides were mediocre collections of numbered men without personalities—or so it seemed to me.

For Corbett, on his first occasion as England's captain, the whole business was a triumph of consummate skill, swift, unerring judgment, and inspired leadership. I make so bold as to say that England would have lost that game without him. And we missed Wakefield horribly in those ragged scrums. I have seen Worton and Laird play better in an ordinary Harlequin game. Young Sellar at full-back was facing the biggest ordeal of his life so far—he was only a midshipman a few weeks ago—and, although he made us gasp with trepidation more than once, he has the pluck of a Lyon, and will do much better next time, if they give him a next time, as one hopes they will. Hamilton-Wickes developed a nasty habit of bunching in to Locke, instead of keeping out on his wing—a thing quite foreign to him, and was rather disappointing in consequence. So much for impertinent armchair criticism.

Of thrills there were enough and to spare. In fact, the time came in the second half, with England leading by a shaky two points only, when one clenched one's teeth and muttered things like "If we can only keep the damn ball in their half of the ground all may yet be well." It was anybody's game to the very end. Considering that Wales lost a man right at the beginning and kept up the fight a man short, as they did, it reflects the greatest credit on them, and makes our victory rather hollow.

The first dramatic move in this exciting game was unfolded in the first ten minutes by the ubiquitous Corbett. He made a mark, received an almost knock-out blow from a Welsh policeman (which would have finished me for a fortnight) while he was doing it, and then dropped a superb goal from a none too easy angle. First blood to England.

Things swayed to and fro for a bit until three of our side fumbled the ball in the loose, and in flashed Wales for a try. Three points all. And here Wales lose a man, to everyone's regret. Powell sends out one of his diabolically quick and clever passes from a scrum, and Wales are in again. Wales now lead 6-3. Very unpleasant. Moreover, they begin to get the ball with dangerous frequency. However, Stanbury, for England, kicks an excellent penalty goal. Six all. Better. But not too good. We are not liking the look of things a little bit, we English people.

Then comes a gorgeous run by Corbett, who breaks clean through, is *almost* collared (I nearly swallowed my pipe at that moment), and scores between the posts. Stanbury converts. England, 11, Wales, 6. Half-time. And a good thing too!

That was all England scored. But Wales increase their points by three, through Male, who kicks a goal from an offside penalty. There are now only two points between us, a hideously long time to go on the Twickenham clock, the ball going up and down the ground in a most palpitating fashion — and then Laird gets kicked in the face while going down to the ball, and has to leave the field.

But we scraped through, though only just. I have a sneaking suspicion that Wales were the better side, and were out of luck. Even so, both England, on that day's play, and Wales would have been beaten by Scotland, had Scotland been playing them.

TWO ROWING BLUES *Sport and General*

Mr. S. K. Tubbs (left), of Shrewsbury and Caius, who has been re-elected President of the Cambridge University Boat Club. Mr. J. B. Bell (right) was also re-elected to the office of Honorary Secretary

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BYSTANDER BRIDGE

DENYING A MAJOR SUIT

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THE adoption of the four-card suit initial bid has led to the necessity of revising some of our ideas about support and denial. In the old days, when it was usual never to bid on less than five of a major suit, it was quite sound to leave your partner alone so long as you had two of his suit, unless you held great strength to justify a better bid. The fact that with your hand he held the majority of trumps made a take-out or denial, especially in a major suit, inadvisable. But with these four bids the holding of two is a very doubtful proposition. If it should happen that you hold only six of the suit in the joint hands, that fact may make a great deal of difference.

. . . . . .

I still believe that holding two of your partner's declared suit it is unsound to take-out into a minor suit of five, but I think with six the take-out is desirable for the reasons stated. Thus your partner bids "One Spade." You hold:—S.—7, 4; H.—Q, 5, 3; D.—A, K, 6, 4, 2; C.—9, 5, 3. I advise silence.

But with S.—7, 4; H.—Q, 5, 3; D.—A, K, Q, 6, 4, 2; C.—5, 3, I advise "Two Diamonds."

You will see the logic of this easily. In the first case you do not know for certain that your Diamonds are better than your partner's Spades. You do not wish to take-out from a major suit into a minor. In the second hand it is more than probable that your Diamonds are better than your partner's Spades, and it therefore becomes necessary to warn him that you have little support in his suit. This is a distribution insufficiently appreciated.

Now comes the question: Having two only of your partner's suit, one of which is a high honour, should you or should you not take-out? That, I consider, depends upon the general context of the hand. Take this position. At love score your partner bids "One Spade." You hold:—S.—A, 7; H.—Q, 10, 3; D.—J, 9, 8, 2; C.—K, 8, 6, 3.

Here I advocate bidding "One No-Trump," because, while you have some support for Spades, game in No-Trumps is more probable than game in Spades.

But with little or no probability of making game in No-Trumps it is better with a high honour to leave the Spade bid alone. To put the matter in a nutshell, holding an honour and a small card of partner's major suit, do not deny it unless the probable trick value of your combined hands is sufficient for game.

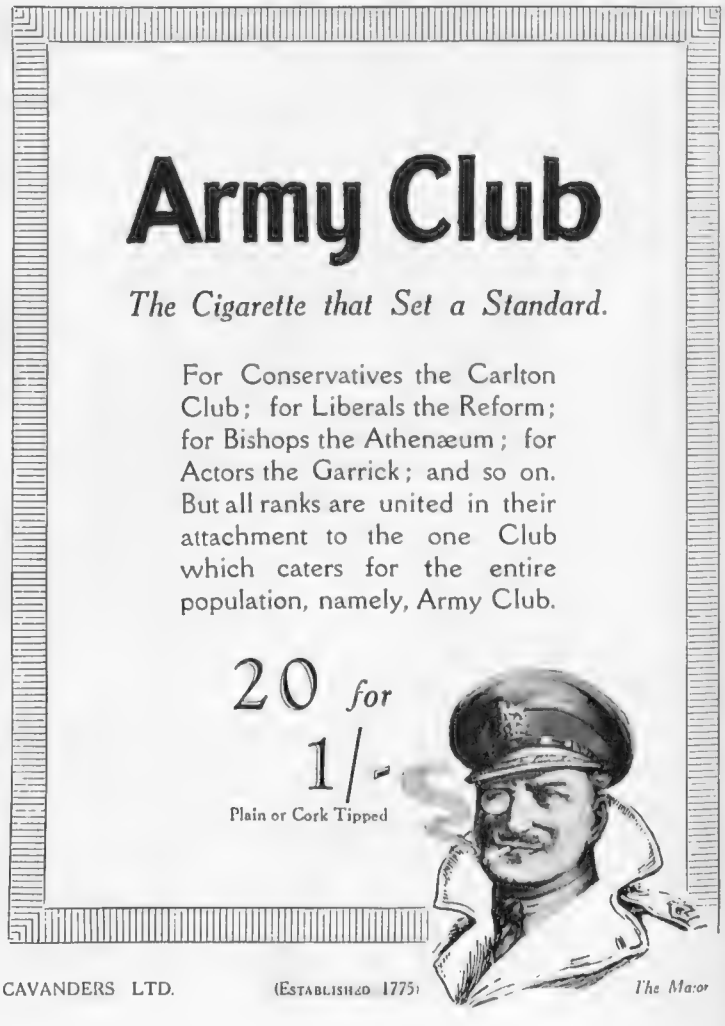
. . . . . .

Here is an example from play which emphasises the advisability of taking out into No-Trumps with only two of a suit even when partner holds five:—

	S.—A, 7. H.—A, J, 10, 7, 2. D.—K, 10, 2. C.—J, 9, 3.	
S.—Q, 9, 8, 4. H.—9, 5. D.—A, 8, 6, 5. C.—Q, 8, 4.	Y A B Z	S.—10, 6, 5, 3. H.—K, Q, 6, 3. D.—9, 4. C.—K, 7, 5.
	S.—K, J, 2. H.—8, 4. D.—Q, J, 7, 3. C.—A, 10, 6, 2.	

Score: Game all. A dealt and passed; Y, "One Heart"; B, "No bid"; Z, "One No-Trump." All passed.

Y could have made two or three Hearts, depending upon the opening by B, but he could not have made game. Of course, as you will see, there is an easy game in No-Trumps. A must open either Spades or Diamonds.



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A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

Mr. Aldous Huxley quite accurately describes his new book, *Jesting Pilate* (Chatto and Windus: 15*s.* net) as "the diary of a journey," but it is no ordinary diary, even if the journey itself was one which many people are privileged to make. It is a diary, indeed, which will attract even those misguided folk who never once want to leave the shores of their own country. It is about people and things and ideas—the most varied and entertaining and occasionally unexpected ideas.

You are reading, it may be, about the wonders of India, and will be queerly, but never illegitimately, whisked off to a discussion about modern science or religious belief. You may be taken into some Temple, or allowed to watch the amazing scenes at Benares, but a moment later you will be immersed in some psychological problem which concerns yourself quite as much as any Indian. You accompany Mr. Huxley further East to Malaya, the Pacific, and finally to the United States, and all the while find this diary of his to be a brilliant commentary on a host of curious or interesting affairs. By this time Mr. Huxley has deservedly come into his own. You may not like all his work, but in *Jesting Pilate* he seems to me to be at his very best. It is a book to be read slowly and more than once: a delightful example of what a travel-book can become—in the right hands.

❋

The novel is not yet doomed, although there are those who maintain that we are witnessing at once its decay and the birth of new "forms." It is true that at the moment new experiments are being made in some abundance. Biography is altering—distinctly for the better. A human touch is creeping into what used to be called the "solid" books. Even the higher mathematicians, I expect, are not wholly immune from the Strachey Touch. But the novel will hold its own.

Nevertheless these new experiments are of an interest and importance which cannot be denied. In autobiography, for instance, the experimenter is busy. Time was when even the sexagenarian was only just of a legitimate age to embark on any such work: nowadays the undergraduate obtains his gown and rushes away to tell the world the story of his young life. That story, however, does not always conform to the older methods. It is possible now to record a personality—even one's own—in a sprightlier or subtler way. This, indeed, is what Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell has done, with quite astonishing success, in his *All Summer in a Day* (Duckworth: 15*s.* net).

"An autobiographical fantasia," he calls it, and perhaps the description is just, although some would-be readers may be given a false impression. What Mr. Sitwell has done is to cull from a very unusual memory certain bygone scenes with their attendant moods and the ideas to which they gave birth. Ghosts from his cupboard, he dubs them. And so you are introduced, amongst others, to an old colonel who battled against odds, and to an old lady who was charmingly romantic about herself—unforgettable portraits, both of them—to old theatrical scenes, odd cliques, and, in general, to the wayward fancies of an entirely individual boy.

It is a strangely engrossing book, when once you have discovered what Mr. Sitwell is doing. It is full of a quiet beauty and grace of its own, an honest book without pose or frills. Not everybody's book, perhaps—you will find in its pages no "good stories" about the people whom the author has met, no excursions into polite melodrama, no flamboyant theories about art or civilisation—but a book for that quiet hour when the more finely wrought things of life come up for consideration and demand careful thought: a book, I fancy, which few other men of Mr. Sitwell's generation could have written without exhausting either their own or their readers' patience.

❋

In *Chrysalis* (Williams and Norgate: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) Miss Muriel Blanckensee has written a wisp of a thing which, while auguring uncommonly well for her future as a writer, is really too fragile to stand by itself. The very slight story is almost lost in a series of little pictures of life (admirably done) as a young woman, forced to earn her own living, sees it. The writing is good (though I, for one, dislike the continued use of the present tense), and at the end one is glad to learn that the little heroine is going to be happy.

❋

There is a lot of very modern fun in a queer little book of fiction called *Bed and Breakfast* (Lane: 6*s.* net), written by Coralie Hobson, and illustrated very queerly by Pearl Binder. Quite conceivably the older generation may be considerably shocked at all these very modern young people to whom we are introduced. They are of the kind that paint pictures which have to be "explained," write stories without capital letters, full stops or verbs, and find pleasure in odd clothes and odder morals.

A New Edition

The 1927 *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage* has a special interest this year owing to the proposed alteration to the Royal Title, which has only been varied twice before in the last century and a quarter. Other items of national interest are the birth of the Princess Elizabeth, the tour of the Duke and Duchess of York in Australia and New Zealand, a contemplated Collar for the Order of the British Empire, a new Charter for the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the sub-division of Dioceses and the appointment of new Bishops, the year's Honours and many other matters of importance and interest. Debrett is published at 75*s.* net by Dean and Son, Ltd., Debrett House, 29, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

By Stan Terry

"REEL-Y!"

Customer: "I say, miss, there's a funny kind of film on this soup!"

Waitress: "Well, what do you expect for thrippence—Mary Pickford?"

Jumping to a Conclusion

"COME BACK, SIR!"

BY WILL OWEN

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"A LOVING TOAST."

Here's to the glory of friendship! How great the privilege of pledging another all that is worth while with a ring of sincerity as true as the merits of —

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UNTIDY HOUSES

By MRS. M. VINCE

IT is not so easy as you may think to define untidiness. One dictionary which I have consulted defines it as "slovenliness"; and its opposite as "neat simplicity." Most people would define it more roughly but more practically as "leaving things lying about." But what is "leaving things lying about"? If you go a little further into the matter you will find that this is a definition which only applies to other people. If A tells B that he is untidy because he leaves things lying about, B will retort that this is exactly what A does. For himself, he has only put his things where he can most readily get them. And what could show better order—what, in fact, could be tidier than that? The difficulty of defining untidiness is one of the minor problems of married life.

THERE are degrees of tidiness. There are the absolutely tidy. Whether they are at work or at rest, they can keep everything about them in its right place. They can surround themselves with books and papers, and yet make the temporary place of everything seem the right place for it. Then there are the relatively tidy, who make chaos about themselves when they work, but are very careful to put everything away when they have finished. Their life is difficult, for every day brings with it its own struggle to return to order. They would like to be absolutely tidy, but cannot.

THEN there are the absolutely untidy. But even they are not of one class. There are the clumsy untidy who, more often than not, cannot find what they want. They live in the midst of chaos and are at its mercy. But there are also the clever untidy, who always, or nearly always, know where to find what they want. They also live in chaos, but their personality controls it. How they do it, how their memory works, is a mystery even to themselves. They only fail when anything which they want is, in the narrower sense, in its right place. If they are so foolish as to tidy up for themselves, or so unfortunate as to be tidied up by someone else, then they are in a state of bodily order but of mental chaos. It is not until they have restored disorder that they are again masters of their affairs.

I KNOW one absolutely tidy house. The people who live in it are rigidly tidy. They have beautiful things. They are proud of them. They take great care of them. Everything has its own place. Everything is always in its own place. The result is that mere human beings seem a little out of place in that house. When you go into one of its rooms you have an uneasy feeling that you are disturbing it. It is the same with the garden. There also is perfect order. I am sure that the flowers when they push up through the soil feel themselves intruders, and blush to have disturbed the perfect smoothness of the beds.

THAT is an extreme case. I do not think I know any other like it. But it is an example of more than tidiness. It is an extreme example also of "house-pride." Those people, I think, really look after their house more carefully than after themselves. If there is not "house-pride" you may get untidy houses even with people who, in the ordinary sense, are tidy. There is a worse untidiness than merely leaving things about, the untidiness which comes from not really caring for a house. It is untidy to leave a tap with a defective washer so that it is always dripping. The brown mark which that dripping makes is more untidy than soap or sponges left in the bath. It is untidy to leave a corner of wallpaper which has come unpasted, or a curtain-hook off its ring, or a chair-cover with a broken clip so that the cover does not fit tightly. Yet people who would never go out with a button missing and would always hang up a coat will leave a house with these little untidinesses untouched by the week and month together. A house needs constant care if, in this sense, it is to be kept tidy.

THAT is the second kind of tidiness in a house. I think it is the more important kind. But there is yet a third kind. Some houses actually start by being untidy. They are untidy when everything in them is new, and no human beings have yet come to get things out of their proper places. It is a form of untidiness to have a room overcrowded with furniture just as it is to have things scattered about on the floor—and for the same reason that it makes the room uncomfortable to live in. In fact, in the furnishing of rooms and houses we come back very much to the dictionary's definition: that tidiness is "neat simplicity."

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THE BIG SHOW

TAFFY'S TAIL

By "THE KENNELMAN"

With only a fortnight to run before the coming of Cruft's great international Dog Show at the Agricultural Hall, there's plenty of activity in all our leading kennels just now. In all the anxious business of conditioning and grooming, dieting and the close watching of doggy health, a number of owners and kennelmen and women who ought to know better are still apt to neglect the simple, but vitally important, business of giving their canine youngsters lessons in show-ring deportment; teaching them to stand well to attention, and to walk and trot and extend themselves, to show themselves to real advantage on the lead, and on the whispered word of command. A pity, for the teaching is easy, and for lack of it many a fine youngster is unfairly handicapped in competition, and, in the crucial hour of judging, makes an exhibition of himself in quite the wrong sense. One doesn't need to be a hoary veteran to mind the time when a couple of thousand entries, even for Cruft's, was reckoned epoch-making, and the present ten thousand roll would have been considered a wildly impossible ideal.

It's interesting to note from independent reports that in countries as different as Germany and Czecho-Slovakia the same breeds of Dogs are just now showing the most marked growth in popularity, and that these are, not Spitz, Alsatians, Dachshunds, or the like, but English Fox Terriers, Bulldogs, Greyhounds, and Borzois.

Considerable energy is being shown by fanciers bent upon popularising the Welsh Corgi, or Cattle-Dog, but the process is complicated, first, by the wide variety of types to which the name is applied—some authorities going so far as to claim that the word "Corgi" is synonymous in Wales with the word "mongrel"—and, too, by rivalry between the counties of Pembroke and Cardigan, both of which claim theirs as the true Corgi. If not precisely ornamental, the Corgi is a sturdy, stocky fellow, game, and a steady worker, even in the great test of badger-digging. In Pembroke he affects a stump tail, in Cardigan a long one.

They surely can't be serious, these excited fanciers who assert that the Alsatian is being cruelly misused by newspaper writers who inflame public opinion against the breed by making much of individual lapses into savagery. The statistical facts are that the registrations of Alsatians continue to increase at an astonishing rate, and are now well ahead of even the Wire-haired Fox-Terrier, to be followed at a considerable distance by Airedales and Cockers. In other words, Alsatians have made more progress during a single lustrum than any other breed during a couple of decades. And this is the more remarkable when it is remembered that this same Deutsche Schaeferhund is definitely one of the bigger breeds, requiring twice or thrice the food and accommodation needed for Terriers.

Enquiries regarding the Distemper Research Fund should be addressed to its organising secretary, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.4. Another £5000 is needed for the completion of the vitally important work undertaken, and every ten shillings sent now will be worth a pound sent later on, because it will facilitate co-operation with the Medical Research Council. The wonderful work already accomplished at the Mill Hill Farm and Laboratories makes it clear that lasting immunity from Distemper will before very long be brought within our reach, providing the research workers are not held up by lack of funds. Here surely is a call that cannot be ignored by anyone who has ever had a Dog friend.

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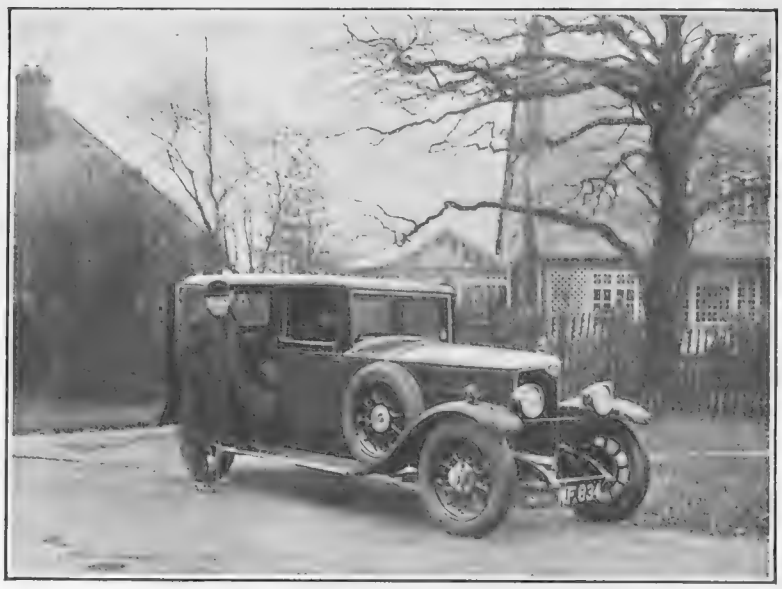


FAR FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS

Mr. George Graves, the well-known comedian, photographed with a Crossley Six amid somewhat quieter surroundings than the light and noise of the stage

FEW people realise that the tyre equipment on a record-breaking car is of maximum importance. Especially in the case of short distance records, when the car is travelling at maximum speed for a comparatively short time, it might be imagined that practically any tyre would stand up for that period. There are, however, problems to be overcome quite apart from that caused by friction between the tyre and the road. In the first place, the car wheel is travelling so fast that the centrifugal force tending to tear the rubber off the casing has to be seriously considered.

Then there is the fact that the constant hammering of the tyre on the road engenders a large amount of heat, which has to be dissipated as quickly as possible. In the case of a car doing 200 m.p.h., each point on the tread hits the ground 30 times in one second. Try hammering a bar of iron at this rate and the resulting heat of the metal will be surprising. Such a comparatively fragile substance as rubber tends to become even hotter.

***

THESE and other interesting facts were placed before me by the technical staff of the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., last time I was at the Dunlop works. I had gone there to see tests carried out on the special tyres which Major Segrave will use on his forthcoming record attempt. These tyres are very special indeed, and have been designed in order to give as reliable performance as possible over short distances for a car weighing 15 cwt. per wheel and capable of 200 m.p.h. Comparative tests between these tyres and others of the same make which have given excellent service on road and track proved what an enormous advance the Dunlop constructors have made in the manufacture of racing tyres. Those who have seen the wonderful performances put up by Dunlop tyres in long distance road and track races might imagine that nothing better could be constructed, but these latest special tyres mark a most notable advance.

***

IN the very changeable weather which is provided us by the English winter the owner of a saloon car has many reasons for which to congratulate himself. This type of body is the most suitable for use at this time of year, as it gives adequate protection, whatever the weather conditions, and by the mere act of raising or lowering the windows can be converted from a car open to all the winds of heaven to a closed one. There are, however, certain disadvantages appertaining to a closed body, and perhaps the most important of these is the misting of the windows which takes place owing to the difference in temperature between the inside and the outside of the body. This mist usually forms on the inside of the glass, and has the disadvantage of preventing clear vision, a matter of vital importance to the driver. Preparations, usually containing glycerine, may be obtained which will reduce this steaming very considerably, while adequate ventilation of the glass surfaces will prevent the deposit of moisture.

***

SPEAKING of saloons, I welcome the more widespread use of the sloping front screen. Quite apart from the improved appearance in the car which often results, there is the important advantage that driving after dark is considerably simplified. A saloon body surrounded by glass has a nasty knack of reflecting lights from every direction, which tend to confuse the driver. With a sloping screen this drawback is minimised, while the lights of overtaking cars do not dazzle when no rear blind is fitted. By the way, a rear blind should be provided on every closed car for night driving. Another welcome improvement in front screen construction is the use of a single panel of glass hinged at the top and opening forward and outwards when required. An exceptionally good road view is thus secured, and there are no distracting pillars or divisions in the driver's line of view.

***

A FEW years ago the idea that a 950 c.c. engine would be capable of coping with a full-sized four-seater saloon body would have been laughed at. To-day we have such a car in the 9-15 h.p. Renault with an engine of the capacity stated, which is quite competent to carry four people and a saloon body with a surprisingly good performance. I recently had the use of one of these cars for evening work, and I was really surprised at the way the comparatively tiny engine discharged its work. The bodywork is by no means cramped, ample leg room being provided both front and rear. The four doors give easy access from either side, while a generous provision of blinds on the rear windows makes night driving easy. Naturally, high speeds are not attainable on this car, but for town work the Renault, owing to its reasonable dimensions, is as fast as most cars in traffic, and considerably faster than some of the larger ones.

***

THE new 12-30 h.p. Ansaldo which has recently been placed on the market is a car of particular interest. Its main feature is the entirely new type of suspension, which enables it to keep the road at high speed. The makers have succeeded in putting on the market something really unusual, namely, a chassis with a cylinder capacity of only 1,500 c.c., which, fitted with a comfortable four-door, five-seater saloon body, can attain a speed of 55 m.p.h.

***

FOR the special convenience of members residing in Surrey, the Automobile Association last week opened an office in Guildford. It is situated in Central Buildings, North Street, Guildford, and will deal with all members' requirements in regard to touring, free legal defence and advice, engineering advice, road information, etc. This is the third A.A. County Office to be opened within the Home area since the beginning of 1927, the other two being at Southampton and Maidstone.

GEORGE C. STEAD.

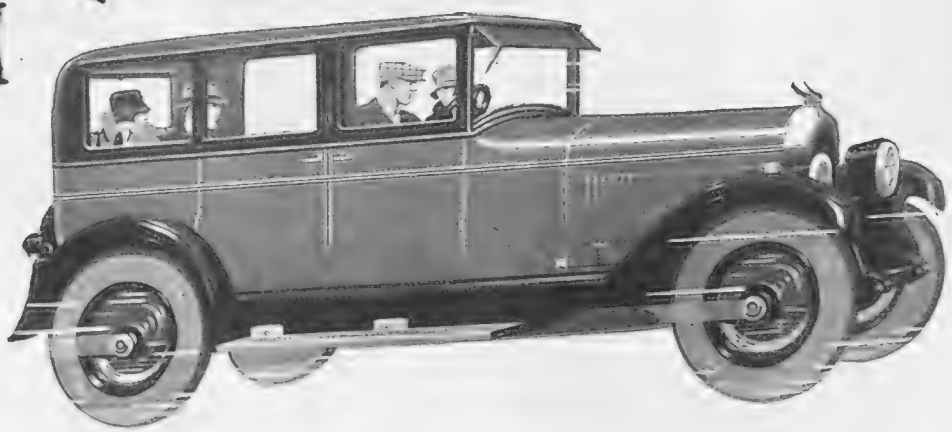
A PRINCE'S CAR

Prince Nicholas of Roumania photographed with the 25 h.p. Willys Knight Roadster which has recently been supplied for his personal use. The colour scheme of this car is in two shades of green

Two Books of Value

There are two books of reference which no one can afford to be without, namely, Kelly's Royal Blue Book, Court and Parliamentary Guide for 1927, and Kelly's Post Office London Directory for 1927. The Blue Book, which has been issued for over 100 years, contains its customary wealth of useful information, while the Post Office London Directory is invaluable as a guide to addresses and localities. They are both published from Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 186, Strand, W.C.2.

A CLOSED CHRYSLER MEANS PERFECT COMFORT IN ANY WEATHER



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A BREEZE now fragrant with the scent of lilies rustles in the trees; beautiful cardinal birds flaunt colours that vie with those of the oleanders, poinsettias and bougainvilleas. Truly Bermuda is a land of enchantment, where dreams come true and all is laughter, song and play. Can you remain longer in winter's icy grip? Come to Bermuda! Luxurious hotels cater for every individual requirement.

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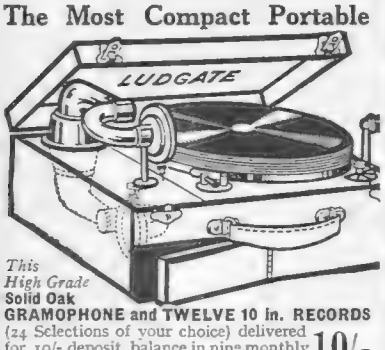

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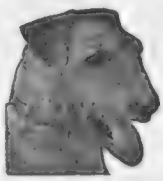

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Sold Everywhere. Sample, 2d. Stamp.
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EVAN WILLIAMS
4D
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Wave AND Curl WITH Hindes Hair Wavers YOUR Shingled Hair

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Facing South and directly overlooking the sea. 200 Rooms, including many
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FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

The setting lotion supplied by Phyllis Earle is equally successful with natural or permanently waved hair

How the Modern Woman "Bien Soignée" Evolves Her Toilette

THAT the beauty parlours have a lot to answer for—though all to the good be it hastily said—in the immaculately turned-out woman of the day is more generally accepted than discussed. To the aids provided by these experts are due the clear, unblemished skins, round throats, and white necks, and, not least by any means, the *svelte*, slim figures beloved of the modern *couturière*. On these perfectly built-up structures the dress designers have the finest opportunity ever offered for indulging in simple artistic line, relying at the same time to a large extent for the success of their best efforts on fine materials, colour, and colour combinations. So, my lady *bien soignée* commences her day with the care of her body and skin, willingly and wisely devoting practically the same amount of time that in the old days was taken up by getting into and out of elaborately fashioned and fastened-up clothes. Nowadays, the actual donning of garments, from the most *intime* to the most visible, is the simplest, quickest thing imaginable. Dress is just the crowning touch of an infinite fastidiousness that gains in significance by being allied to a beautiful figure, perfect skin, and complexion, not forgetting the immaculately shingled and waved hair, brushed and combed to a lustrous shininess. Tousled heads, always a sad eyesore, are unknown and unseen, the well-dressed woman to-day representing a very finished product from her head to her feet.

Built of black Persian lamb, collared and cuffed with sable dyed squirrel, is this coat at the City Fur Stores, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard

Some Advance, and Arresting, Millinery

A WELCOME surprise awaits those who visit Henry Heath, Oxford Street, W., a firm that has stepped boldly into the breach this Little Season with several model *chapeaux* of notable charm and attraction. A safe investment for now and the immediate future is a hat, hand-made of cut felt, black or any colour, the felt deftly folded up to meet a small inset crown of satin. As may be gathered from the adjoined sketch, the impression conveyed is one of height, while the brim is negligible. Carried throughout in black, this is supremely smart with an amusing pin, expressed in the form of a silver stork with ebony head, thrust through one side. Of similarly high character is another hat, one, moreover, that will appeal to older women. This is mainly fashioned of black Petersham ribbon, and just how deftly it is handled in a light, free way to express height and width no words can adequately describe, the whole supported on a very narrow brim of black pedal straw. The third example sketched in these *salons* is a novel silk felt, the crown banded with a fine corded ribbon passed through a mother-o'-pearl buckle at one side.

A Unique and Genuine Bargain

IT has been proved beyond question or doubt that Persian lamb, both black and grey, has come into its own again. A long coat of black Persian is an ideal and covetable possession, not only because it has a handsome and rich appearance, but also because this pelt is one of the hardiest and most immune from moth. Naturally, in consequence of the demand it has gone up, and is likely further to increase in price. Notwithstanding which The City Fur Stores, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, are offering the superb example illustrated at 59 guineas, a reduction, in accordance with the sale procedure here, of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. off original prices. The skins used for this model are of fine quality and whole. It is lined through with a fascinating striped pale chestnut crêpe de Chine, and is collared and cuffed with sable dyed squirrel. To find a like bargain it would be necessary to travel very far and wide. A most gratifying success has followed the offer made here of gazelle kid coats at 18 guineas. These effectively stencilled skins are finding the favour they fully deserve for smartness and practicability. Another *succès fou* of the season the City Fur Store have kept well in view are the coats of Peschaniki,

The hat on the left is of ribbon and satin. Of silk felt is the second, the crown banded with ribbon. The third reveals a clever handling of cut felt draped around a small inset crown of satin, at Henry Heath's

Sketches by Margot

which, at 30 guineas, compare more than favourably with natural musquash at double the price. The sale catalogue is still available, as the reductions continue for the next few weeks.

A Setting Lotion Every Woman Should Know of

THERE is a peculiar and individual attraction about the *salons* of Phyllis Earle, 32, Dover Street, W. Everything is so extraordinarily dainty and up to date, and the charges for hair and complexion treatments so exceedingly moderate. There is always, too, at hand, no matter when you go, an expert to advise free of charge. In fact, no single thing has been overlooked to make this one of the most perfectly equipped and reliable beauty parlours in the land. The ground this firm contrives to cover is so vast that it is impossible to deal with it in its entirety, but it may be said that the efficacy of all the preparations is guaranteed, and that they are put up in the prettiest bottles and receptacles artistic taste can devise. The setting lotion Phyllis Earle provides for natural or permanently waved hair cannot be surpassed.

A Coming-of-age

Our readers will be interested in the announcement by Messrs. H. J. Green & Co., Ltd., of Brighton, of the pending coming-of-age of their Sponge Mixture. It is nearly twenty-one years since Green's Sponge Mixture was put on the market, and to-day it is known and appreciated throughout the British Empire. An interesting recipe booklet will be sent free of charge on application to Messrs. J. H. Green & Co., Ltd., Brighton.

"Photograms of the Year"

One does not need to be a photographer to appreciate the beauty of the 1926 edition of this collection of outstanding photographs of the year. The Editor, Mr. F. J. Mortimer, who also edits *The Amateur Photographer*, has gathered together in its pages examples of the art of the camera from all over the world, and a beautiful collection they make, as well as being a record of the year's doings in the photographic world. "Photograms of the Year" is published by Messrs. Iliffe & Sons, Dorset House, Tudor Street, at 5s. net in stout paper covers or 7s. 6d. net in cloth boards.

IN THE SUNSHINE
Little Prince Alexander of Serbia enjoying a game in the gardens of the Hôtel des Anglais, Cannes. The son of Prince and Princess Paul of Serbia, he was born at White Lodge, Richmond Park, two and a half years ago

A Souvenir of Travel

Each year the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway Company of France issue *Agenda P.L.M.*, a most fascinating combination of diary, articles of travel, and beautifully reproduced illustrations in colour and line. To all those who have had the fortune to make the journey to the beautiful regions in the South of Europe served by this railway, the book will be a happy souvenir of their travels. Copies at 2s. 6d. each, or 3s. 3d. by post, are on sale at the P.L.M. office, 179, Piccadilly, W.

Penrose's Annual

The volume of *Penrose's Annual*, the process year book and review of the graphic arts, which has been published recently, is the twenty-ninth, and maintains the high standard of excellence of its predecessors. Even the layman cannot but be deeply interested in the wide selection of beautiful reproductions in different media which make up the book, while those interested in the varying methods of reproduction in use to-day will find *Penrose's Annual* a most invaluable book of reference. It is published by Percy Lund, Humphries and Co., Ltd., at the price of 8s. net.

Who's Who, 1927

This universal volume of reference is as indispensable as ever to the bookshelf, and contains a mine of information about the better known personalities of to-day. Published by Messrs. A. and C. Black, Ltd., of 4, Soho Square, W.1, at 42s. net, *Who's Who* of 1927 makes a complete and valuable acquisition to the office and to the home.

Remove

Blackheads

this easy way

Are you afflicted with Blackheads? Do you know the curse of having a good complexion marred by these unsightly blemishes? Have you, time and again, laboriously and painfully tried to get rid of them?

Here is good news for you—news of an easy, painless way of removing blackheads so that your skin is left smooth and healthy:—

"I am Managing Assistant in one of the leading Pharmacies here, doing a large business in Toilet Specialities, and I am frequently consulted as to the best preparation for removing skin blemishes such as pimples, blackheads, etc. I now always recommend Radox Bath Salts, used in the proportion of one teaspoonful to a tumbler of hot water, to be applied by dabbing on the face, wiped dry in a few minutes, when all blemishes are speedily removed. I explain to the customer that this treatment must be followed by good cold cream.
14th November, 1926. *R. T. McC."*

Simply dip a teaspoonful of Radox Bath Salts into a cupful of hot water (not so hot as to be uncomfortable) and apply by dabbing on the face. After a few minutes of this treatment wipe the face dry, and the blackheads will be seen to have vanished.

No painful pressure or squeezing is necessary, and the skin is therefore left unbruised, with no unsightly blotches.

Get a packet of Radox to-day, and test it to-night before you retire. A half-pound packet of Radox Salts costs 1s. 6d. at any chemists, and will provide sufficient for many applications. Make sure you get Radox Salts in the pink packet—1s. 6d. per ½lb. size: 2s. 6d. double quantity.

SORE THROAT

Quickly and Pleasantly Relieved

If your throat has become sore and inflamed through smoking or voice strain, if it feels dry and difficult to swallow—take an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille.

Slip one in your mouth—now—or any time—Delicious! isn't it?

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With "Oxo" and a few vegetables, delicious soups can be made in a few minutes,—gravies, too. A little "Oxo" added to stews, curries, and other dishes, makes them more tasty, and enriches them with the nutriment and flavour of fresh lean beef. "Oxo" is the housewife's Great Economy.

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"And to think that a short time ago he was one of those nervous, plodding men of whom nobody takes much notice."

"Yes, he certainly is a success now. He simply radiates energy and power."

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Average increase of red blood corpuscles in 80 cases treated with Sanatogen.

Dr. Claude L. Wheeler, the well-known scientist, writes : *"The user of Sanatogen is richly rewarded in freedom from languor, a gain of strength and activity, alertness of mind and a rapid restoration of the ability to plan and execute."*

Sir Gilbert Parker, Bt., the famous novelist, writes: *"I have used Sanatogen with extraordinary benefit. It feeds the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigour to the over-worked body and mind."*

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The True Tonic-Food

When you do not feel so well as you would wish, then try Sanatogen for a few weeks and notice the wonderful increase of vitality and nerve-strength.

Obtainable at all chemists—from 2/3 to 10/9 per tin.

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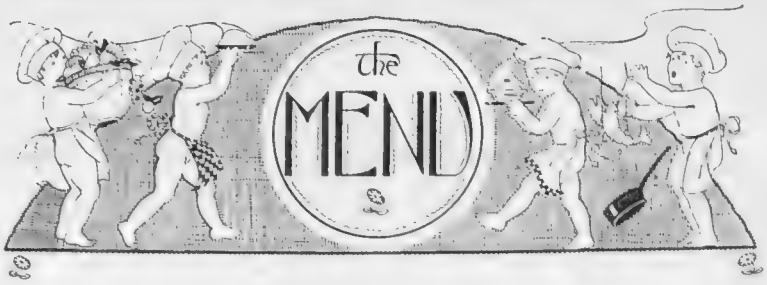

SALADS

GRAPE FRUIT SALAD.
RUSSIAN FISH SALAD.
CHICKEN, MACARONI, AND TOMATO SALAD.
AN AMERICAN SALAD.
TOMATO AND BANANA SALAD.

Grape Fruit Salad

REMOVE carefully in sections, with a fruit knife, the pulp from two or three grape fruit. Wash, trim, and drain on a cloth a lettuce. Arrange the leaves of the lettuce neatly on a dish and place on the leaves the sections of grape fruit. Have ready a salad dressing, composed of three parts of olive oil, one part of lemon-juice, with salt and pepper. Mix carefully, pour over the salad, and serve.

Russian Fish Salad

Flake any cold cooked white fish, arrange it in a salad-bowl, decorate with strips of anchovy, sardine, and chopped egg, also some chopped gherkin and capers. Surround with a ring of cold boiled and sliced potatoes, and pour Mayonnaise sauce over the centre. Garnish with chopped gherkin and capers.

Chicken, Macaroni and Tomato Salad

Cut into small pieces the meat from a fowl, about ½ lb. Have ready some macaroni, which has been boiled for twenty minutes in salted water. Cut it into inch lengths, and put by on a plate to cool. Make a thick Mayonnaise sauce of the yolk of an egg, oil, added a drop at a time, and, when thick, work in tarragon vinegar, salt, pepper, and a spoonful of cream. Put the chicken and macaroni in a salad-bowl, add some chopped lettuce, stir in the Mayonnaise, decorate with slices of hard-boiled egg and beetroot, and keep very cold until it is to be served. Veal treated as above makes a very good salad, if chicken is not available.

An American Salad

Cut a freshly gathered cabbage into the thinnest shreds possible. Season well with salt, black pepper, tarragon vinegar, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, some finely chopped onion, and a tablespoonful of salad oil. Mix all well in a bowl, and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs, strips of ham or tongue, some capers, and sprinkle it with a little chopped tarragon and chervil.

Tomato and Banana Salad

For this, three bananas and 1 lb. of tomatoes are wanted. Skin the tomatoes by plunging them in boiling water and then slice them. Skin the bananas and then cut them in slices. Arrange alternately with the tomatoes. Sprinkle pepper and salt over them. For the dressing use the yoke of a hard-boiled egg to a gill of cream. Beat the cream well, season with a little celery salt. Rub the egg smoothly with a little of the cream and then add gradually the remainder and a few drops of tarragon vinegar.

EMILIA.

THE BYSTANDER

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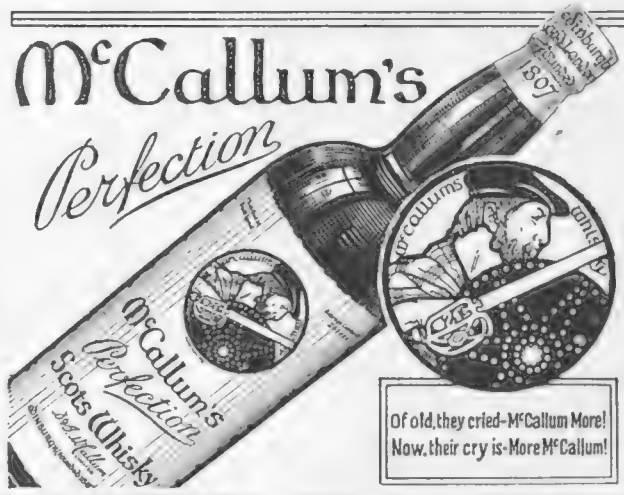

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Why continue the daily nuisance of worrying with brush and soap and hot water? Why go on scraping your skin and making it sore every morning? Here's a better and a simpler way.

First wash your face *before* shaving. Next smear a thin film of Euxesis on the beard with your finger. Now strop your razor and shave just as if you had lathered with brush and soap.

You'll be amazed at the silky ease with which the razor glides over the face, at the cleanness of the shave it gives you and the comfort of it. There's none of that "tugging" and "pulling"; no little cuts or nicks, no missed patches. And yet your chin will be smooth as a boy's.

Don't put off this pleasure till you've finished your present soap. Get a 1/6 tube of Euxesis at any chemist to-day, but be sure to ask for the *Widow's* Euxesis, as there is another article called Euxesis. If your chemist is out of stock, send 1/9 for a tube post free direct to Aimee Lloyd & Co., 23, Panton Street, London, S.W.1.

The Original Widow Lloyd's
Euxesis
for Easy Shaving

THE
BYSTANDER
6, Great New Street, London, E.C.4. 'Phone: Central 7511

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N. W. SHROPSHIRE.

£3,600.

TO BE SOLD, A PRETTY OLD-FASHIONED, MODERNISED RESIDENCE standing in exceptionally well-timbered grounds and paddocks of about 5 ACRES, including 2 tennis lawns.

It contains, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, large lounge and 3 reception rooms, 2 staircases, etc.

Company's water. Electric light expected.

Two Garages. Stabling. Capital Farmery.

GOOD SOCIAL AND SPORTING DISTRICT.

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—HAMPTON AND SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (W.41116.)

FOR SALE WITH 3 ACRES.
(More might be had.)

RURAL HANTS.

NEAR ALTON AND ROPLEY.

A COMPACT COUNTRY RESIDENCE beautifully placed amongst pines at an altitude of 625 feet.

LOW PRICE FOR QUICK SALE.

Hall with cloakroom, 2 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom (H. & C.) and excellent offices.

Electric light. Modern drainage.

Very nice Gardens, well wooded, and including lawn for tennis, flower and kitchen gardens. Brick-built garage and a large barn suitable for conversion into rooms.

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—HAMPTON AND SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1.
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THE BEST PART OF SUSSEX.

MIDHURST (near).

On sandy soil.

FOR SALE, WITH ONE ACRE.
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A MOST ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE, very compact and well-arranged. Hall, with fireplace, 4 excellent reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom and the usual offices.

PRICE ONLY £3,250.

Company's water. Petrol gas.

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PRACTICALLY ADJOINING

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ONE MILE BUSHEY STATION.

FOR SALE, a picturesque FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, fitted with all modern conveniences, including

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HEALTHY POSITION ON HIGH GROUND.

Conveniently arranged accommodation; 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices: garage.

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HIGH GROUND. GRAVEL SOIL.
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Attractive grounds of about ¾ of an Acre, including lawns, rock and kitchen gardens, etc.

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Stabling, Cottages, pleasure grounds and grassland, in all about
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Grey Hair

When pleasant self-deception is no longer possible; when the inevitable greying of the hair is obvious, beauty may turn without demur towards Inecto.

Inecto not only produces a colour and texture closely akin to those of Nature, but revives the youthful lustre of the hair. Inecto has the further advantage that the hair may be permanently waved or Marcel waved after recolouration.

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tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 2/6 or direct:—

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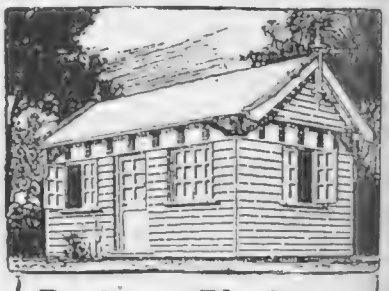

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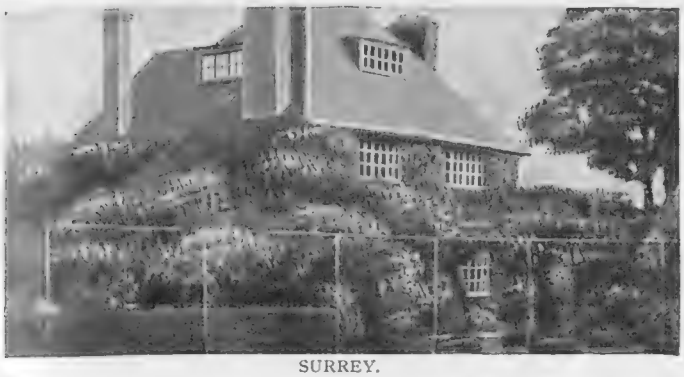

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Company's water. *Electric light.* *Main drainage.* *Telephone.*

Garage. Sandy Soil.

Beautiful garden, tennis and smaller lawns, herbaceous borders, pergolas, lily pond, fruit trees, and small kitchen garden, &c., in all

ABOUT ¾ OF AN ACRE.

£3,250 FREEHOLD.

Sole Agents,

—HARRODS (LTD.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

20 MILES SOUTH.

CHARACTER RESIDENCE, modernised and installed with *electric light, company's water, central heating, and other conveniences.*

Lounge hall, 2 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, offices.

Tudor fireplaces, oak beams, panelling and other quaint features.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GROUNDS.

Tennis and croquet lawns, herbaceous borders, rose and kitchen garden; in all

ABOUT 1¼ ACRE.

Five-roomed cottage, outbuildings.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

BANSTEAD DOWNS GOLF.

Excellent position on high ground; 10 minutes of station, and only 30 minutes from Town.

A HOUSE OF CHARACTER. Built under the supervision of an architect with well-planned accommodation; 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, and offices.

Company's water, gas, electric light, main drainage.

ATTRACTIVE PLEASURE GARDENS, tennis lawn, crazy-paved formal garden, fruit trees, lawns, &c.

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EARLY ENGLISH GEM, full of half-timber work, fine exposed beams, open fireplaces, and perfectly appointed throughout.

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Beautifully kept lawns, shady trees, &c.

IN ALL ABOUT 2 ACRES.

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£1,150, FREEHOLD.

HERTS and ESSEX BORDERS (Near).

9 miles from Cambridge.

OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, enjoying pleasant situation 2½ miles from station, and containing: Hall, 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom and offices.

Excellent water supply. Modern drainage.

Garage and Cottage.

Delightful old gardens of about

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£2,750 FREEHOLD. IN THE LOVELY OLD VILLAGE OF BROADWAY (WORCESTER).

Considered the most Picturesque Village in England.

One of the smaller properties in this favourite locality, comprising a

BEAUTIFUL JACOBEAN COTTAGE, with oak beams and stone roof. Two reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, 2 attics, bathroom, kitchen, and offices.

Company's water. Main drainage.

OLD-WORLD GARDEN, forming a pretty setting to the house.

HUNTING TWO PACKS.

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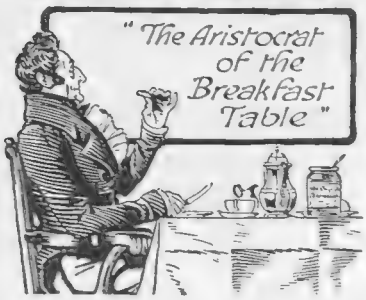
Purveyor of Jams Jellies and Canned English Fruits to his Majesty KING GEORGE V

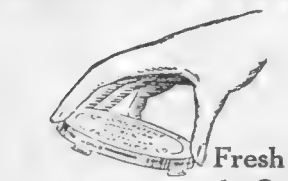
By Appointment

Chivers' Olde English Marmalade



Prepared by a special process preserving the valuable tonic properties and full natural flavour of the Seville Orange. It has distinction. ". . . It makes breakfast worth while"—so a delighted user sums it up.

Chivers' GOLD-MEDAL Jams



Fresh from the Orchard to the Home

Note Chivers' Patent Hygienic Cover

Prepared on the home-made principle during the fruit-picking season, from freshly-gathered fruit and refined sugar only. Guaranteed pure and free from glucose, chemical preservative, and artificial colouring.

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD.

The Orchard Factory,

Histon, Cambridge, England.

OVERHEARD

THE EVENING CRY had a headline that day—"London's Lovely Girls"—and I was reading the column below it as the 'bus rumbled down Regent Street towards Piccadilly.

". . . know the value of keeping their hair nice, too. You will see them any day in their hundreds in the big stores and offices of the City, their shingles impeccably waved and groomed—the final touch to a charm they somehow keep intact even among dusty files and ledgers."

It was true!—and how I envied them. My hair was always a woe and a weariness to me. Sitting right in front of me on the 'bus was a perfect illustration of the writer's words—a trim, pretty, practical figure, one of the thousands of girls who, since the war, have found in business a useful channel for their energy and intelligence.

I glanced at her hair. Yes!—under the jaunty little hat the wavy tresses that swathed her ears were faultlessly smooth, bronzily gleaming.

Ah! if only, I—but she was talking to her friend; and the very first words banished all my scruples and had me listening for all I was worth.

"You should have a 'permanent' at Nestlé, darling."

"Nestlé! My dear, how could I? That's where all the queens and princesses and society people go, isn't it?"

"They do. But if you think that's a proof of expensiveness you're mistaken. It's only a proof of how good they are. I simply swear by Nestlé. They not only permanently waved my hair to look better than I'd ever been able to make it look before, but they did it—the front of my head—for no more than 36/-"

"As cheap as that?"

"Yes, and when you think that after that you're through with the bother and expense of continual visits to your local hairdresser for six months at least, you see it's even cheaper still."

I got off there . . . . . My experience at Nestlé next day corroborated everything my unwitting friend had said. Enough to say that now, whatever needs doing to my hair, I see that Nestlé does it.

Nestlé

OF 48 SOUTH MOLTON STREET
and 43 Dover Street London W 1

Write to Dept. 22 for booklet giving full particulars of the Nestlé Wave.

When out of Town you can also obtain the genuine Nestlé wave at

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ROBERT HEATH'S Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest speciality for Motoring, Golf, etc. Small appearance and very close fitting with tiny adaptable brim.

In their well-known absolutely waterproof and unspottable velvet, in Black, and also a variety of 32 art shades, to order in 4 days.

Price **37/6**

A selection of beautifully hand made natural Feather Bird models, comprising Wild Duck, Pheasant, Grouse, Partridge, Jay, Snipe, Parrot, etc. Price 15/- each extra.

New Illustrated Catalogue on application post free.

ROBERT HEATH
Of Knightsbridge.

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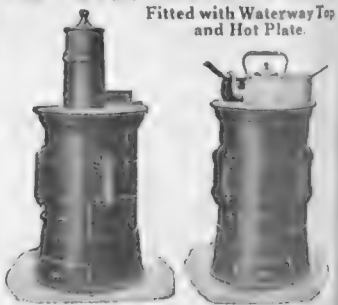
37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

FOSTER CLARK'S
THE BEST AND CREAMIEST CUSTARD

The "WENTWORTH" BOILER
Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate.



Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING
(As particulars below).

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating, and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

Size of Boiler.	Capacity in ft.	Lineal. Tapping.	Diam. of Pipes	Smoke Pipe.	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe.
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GREENHOUSE.

	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	× 44	× 8
,, 5 ,,	12	× 45	× 8
,, 6 ,,	12	× 56	× 8
,, 7 ,,	12	× 64	× 8

GARAGE.

	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	55	× 40	× 10
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Or same cubical contents.

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TO possess a figure of entrancing loveliness with svelte lines and alluring curves is every woman's birthright. The greatest creative artists of a classic period have left a legacy to posterity enshrining woman's beauty of figure. With the aid of

CLARK'S
THINNING BATH SALTS

no woman need lose her grace of girlhood with advancing years. She will remember that "a well-groomed body clothed neatly and carried with grace and dignity is its own aristocracy."

1/3 a packet, 12 packets for **13/6**

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An unrivalled beauty preparation. It entirely replaces soap and water for tender skins, and gives back to the skin the natural greasy substance necessary to keep it smooth and satiny, and prevents wrinkles.
5/6 a bottle.

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is a marvel for the bust, which is made harder and firmer and more beautiful in a few days. This treatment gives to every woman a firm and marvellous young bust. Complete treatment **10/6**

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An evolution in the subtle art of creams and powders for face, neck, arms, back and bust. It takes the place of both and holds without sticking, making up, or soiling. An ideal flesh pollen to combat the ghastly effects caused by glaring electric lights.
3/- a tube, **4/6** a jar.

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Dissolves and eliminates by massage all excess of fatty substances localised in certain parts of the body. Will make and keep ankles elegantly slim and dainty.
5/6 per pot.

Obtainable at all high-class Chemists and Stores or direct from the Proprietors

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All-weather Equipment an Outstanding Feature of the 14/28h.p. "Stratford" 5-seater.

THE "Stratford" all-weather equipment is quite exceptional. No side screens to peg in place. You *raise windows*, as high as you need, without leaving your seat. Rigid, rattleproof supports fold neatly out of sight when not required, and when the hood is down the "Stratford" looks like any other touring car.

Other attractive features are ample power and roominess, quick acceleration, and fine four-wheel brakes; and the low price, **£275**, complete in every respect.

Equivalent to

Folding Top Saloon

open or closed car at will.

Sliding Celluloid Windows 3 to each side. No pegging necessary.

Rigid Supports. No rattle.

Variable Ventilation.

Absence of Draughts.

Full-sized five-seater. Four-wheel brakes. Brilliant durable finish. Antique leather. Rare value.

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All Standard Cars are finished in Zofelac Cellulose finish. Colours: red, blue and fawn.

Write for particulars.

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"Count them on the Road."

Better than ever!
THE NEW EXHIBITION MODEL
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BECAUSE OF:
(1) An improved Motor, lighter in weight and unapproached for efficiency and length of service.
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And many other improvements combining to produce the perfect Home Vacuum Cleaner.

Enquire at your nearest Electricians, Stores, etc., for a Free Demonstration, or write to

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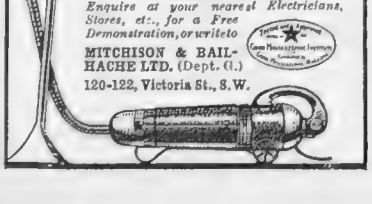

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ANTISEPTIC ABSORBENT ECONOMICA
HEALTHY CLEAN COMFORTAB

Prove our assertion by asking your drap or writing, Miss Haynes, Manageress, Robins & Sons, Ltd., 168 Old Street, London, E.C

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Selections sent on approval.

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HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

THE STANDARD REMEDY FOR OVER 50 YEARS.

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6, GREAT NEW STREET, FETTER LANE, E.C.4,
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Player's *Medium* Navy Cut Cigarettes, Plain or Tipped with Cork of Pure Natural Growth

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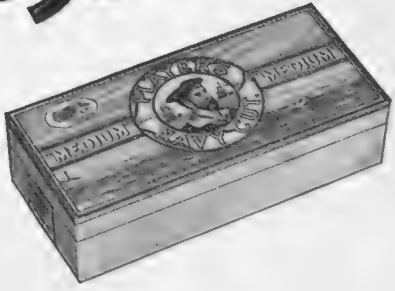
"Fate has nothing more to give
. . . . happy man"
—THE GONDOLIERS.

Player's Please!



100 *for* 4/8
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Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2.30.

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This freely lathering Shaving Stick contains the emollient and medicinal properties of Cuticura, enabling tender-faced men to shave without the slightest irritation. It leaves the skin softened and refreshed and free from any tense, dry feeling.

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Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

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Shampoo	2	0
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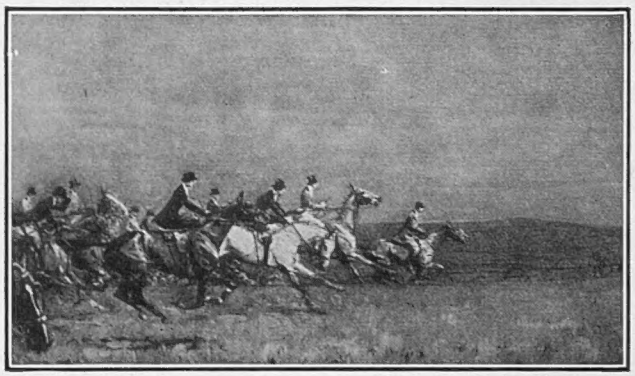

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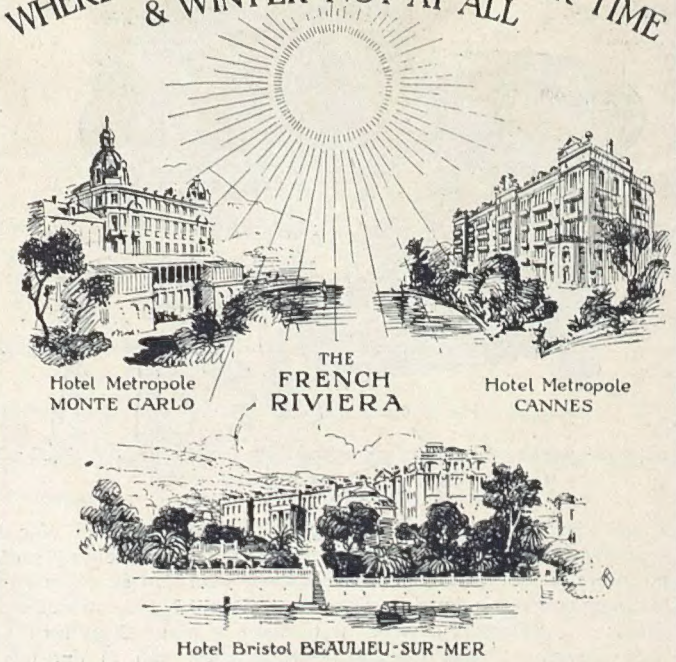

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